

# THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Before the Take-off  
(P. 677)

Oracle of the Airwaves - - Leo Egan  
Russell Fitzgerald - John F. Cronin - John C. O'Brien

July 1944

Price 20c



# CONFIDENCE IN GOD

By Father Daniel Considine, S.J.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD contains thoughts of encouragement and spiritual solace leading one gently and surely to a better understanding of God and of His Divine Providence. This spiritual treasury is particularly adapted to giving solace and assistance in these troublous times. It is the kind of booklet the Catholic should have always on hand for occasional spiritual reading. It is particularly suitable for men in the armed forces who will find in its pages the spiritual encouragement and uplift they need for their trying task. Price 25¢

## ST. GABRIEL

By  
Rev. Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

The life of this modern saint is particularly appealing to young people of our own generation. Beset by the dangers and temptations that youth of today knows only too well, he won the greatest of all victories—sainthood. And he won that victory in a few short years.

This life of St. Gabriel is interesting, lively, inspiring.

Price 10¢

## PASSION PRAYER BOOK

This attractive prayer book contains as a special feature over a hundred pages of beautiful, informal meditations on the Sacred Passion of Christ. Besides this it has prayers for Holy Mass, for Benediction, for Confession and Holy Communion, and all the contents of the usual prayer book. It is the most complete book of its kind.

Price \$1.00

## OUR DEAR DEAD

This little book of remembrance will bring comfort and spiritual solace to the bereaved. It contains the Mass for the Dead, special Mass prayers, the Absolution, and various special prayers for the departed. Many of the prayers are richly indulgenced. It is an invaluable help for assisting the souls of our dear departed.

Price 25¢

## Personal Mention

► Reverend John F. Cronin, S.S., was recently announced as one of the winners of the Pabst Post-War Employment Awards for his manuscript on a workable and practical basis for the solution of postwar employment problems in America. Dr. Cronin was born at Glens Falls, N. Y., studied at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and obtained his doctorate from the Catholic University. He is the author of *Economics and Society* and several pamphlets.

► Leo Egan, who writes the second in the series *Molders of Opinion*, is a graduate of Syracuse University, class of 1928. For the past fourteen years he has been busy covering politics in New York and Washington, first for the *Brooklyn Eagle* and later for the *New York Times*. As a political reporter he has had a particularly fine opportunity to observe and trace the formation of public opinion in New York and other parts of the United States and to note the techniques employed to influence it.

► Captain Adrian Poletti, Chaplain to a Flying Fortress unit of the Eighth Air Force, was born in Union City, N. J. He became a Passionist in 1928. Prior to joining the Army, he was an assistant at St. Joseph's Monastery Church, Baltimore, Md. In his article just received from England, he tells of the life of our airmen in Britain, the men who are bombing the Nazi strongholds in Europe.

► James B. Connolly, whose autobiography *Sea-borne: Thirty Years Avoyaging* has just been published, needs no introduction as the author of many short stories and books dealing with life at sea. His stories have appeared in *Red Book*, *Harper's*, *Collier's*, *Scribner's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc. His most recent novel was *Master Mariner: Life and Voyages of Amasa Delano*.

► Brassil Fitzgerald returns this month with another Grandpa Casey story. When America entered the last war, Mr. Fitzgerald was a sophomore at Boston College. He became a private in the Fighting Irish Ninth of the 26th Division. Ending his military service in 1919, he completed his undergraduate course at the University of Arizona and took his M.A. at Stanford. Followed a career of teaching and writing. His stories have appeared in the *Atlantic*, *Collier's*, etc.

# THE Sign



Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

REV. RALPH GORMAN, C.P., Editor

REV. DAVID BULMAN, C.P., Associate Editor

BUSINESS AND CIRCULATION DEPARTMENTS

REV. BERTIN DONAHUE, C.P.  
Manager

REV. JAMES ANTHONY McACHON, C.P.  
Assistant Manager

MISSION DEPARTMENT

REV. EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P., Mission Procurator

## CONTENTS

July 1944

### ARTICLES

BOMBER BASE IN ENGLAND . . . . .	Capt. Adrian Poletti, C.P.	677
ORACLE OF THE AIRWAVES . . . . .	Leo Egan	680
MR. DIGGS, MINISTER . . . . .	William Brennan, S.J.	683
JOBS OR DICTATORSHIP? . . . . .	John F. Cronin, S.S.	692
CAIPHAS . . . . .	Alfred Duffy, C.P.	695
GOBBLEDYGOOK COMES A CROPPER . . . . .	John C. O'Brien	711
A KING FOR SPAIN? . . . . .	William P. Carney	713

### SHORT STORIES

FOR FOOLS RUSH IN . . . . .	Brassil Fitzgerald	684
SHIP AWAY . . . . .	James B. Connolly	704

### EDITORIALS

THE SMALLER NATIONS . . . . .	Ralph Gorman, C.P.	674
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT . . . . .		675

### THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

LAO-YEH . . . . .	Harold Travers, C.P.	700
CHINA'S UNWRITTEN LAW . . . . .	Cormac Shanahan, C.P.	703

### FEATURES—DEPARTMENTS

PERSONAL MENTION . . . . .		673
SIGN POST: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS . . . . .		689
CATEGORICA . . . . .		697
WOMAN TO WOMAN . . . . .	Katherine Burton	699
STAGE AND SCREEN . . . . .	Jerry Cotter	708
LETTERS . . . . .		716
BOOKS . . . . .		719
FICTION IN FOCUS . . . . .	John S. Kennedy	727

Vol. 23-No. 12

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers, (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.00 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year. • All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. • Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication. • Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Circulation Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-5592. • Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1979. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 1103, Act of May 3, 1925. • All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index.

Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1944

# Editorial

## The Smaller Nations

**T**HE invasion of Europe makes it increasingly urgent that we give immediate attention to the peace structure we hope to establish. Our boys are bleeding and dying on the soil of Europe and we owe it to them—the living and the dead—to make sure that their sacrifices have not been in vain.

There are few indications at present that we are making any great progress in the direction of a really workable peace plan. We have piously declared that in the postwar world "there will be no place for spheres of influence, for alliances, for balance of power, or any of the special arrangements through which in the unhappy past, the nations strove to safeguard their security."

That sounds very good and we're all for it. But in the meantime we see the postwar world actually taking shape under our very eyes. And the shape it is taking is the old one of a Europe with spheres of influence, alliances, and balance of power. In Eastern Europe the Soviet Union is attempting to dominate the smaller nations that she has not annexed outright, and has entered into an alliance with Czechoslovakia. In Western Europe and the Mediterranean area Britain is setting up her own sphere of influence. Churchill's "kind words" about Franco Spain which caused so much discussion recently were Britain's invitation to Spain to align herself with the other nations within this regional framework.

**T**HE only way to stop this gravitational pull by which lesser powers are drawn into the orbits of the greater powers is to give the smaller nations a voice—an important voice—in the reconstruction of Europe and in the peace organization. To be sure, there are difficulties in the way. Objections are made because doubt has been cast on the representative character of the governments of France, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Greece. Another problem is raised by the manner in which the smaller nations are to be represented and the amount of power to be given them. There is a solution to these difficulties, however, and it can be found if the Big Three are willing to exercise a degree of prudence and good will. It must be found soon or we may come to the end of the war with

Europe divided into two armed and perhaps hostile camps.

The only hope of peace for Europe and the world is a single peace organization big enough and strong enough to preclude the necessity of alliances, balance of power, and spheres of influence. No such body is conceivable unless the thirty-four members of the United Nations take an active and influential part in its creation and activities.

**I**T is obvious that the task of bringing the war to a successful conclusion lies chiefly with the armed forces of the three great powers—Britain, Russia, and the United States. But it will be disastrous if these three great powers assume that because they must of necessity constitute the supreme war council of the United Nations, they must also be the supreme peace council. A Europe dominated by three powers is preferable to a Europe dominated by one, but is that all that we are fighting for?

**W**HEN we were a small nation, a very small nation, we fought a war that we might "assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle" us. Why should we think that the small nations today are going to accept and execute the decisions made for them by Britain, Russia, and the United States? If the smaller nations lose faith in our willingness or our ability to put into effect our promises to them in the Atlantic Charter and subsequent declarations, one can hardly blame them for seeking security by attaching themselves as satellites to Britain or Russia.

We already see the beginning of this disastrous process of cleavage in Europe. If it continues we Americans may be forced to decide whether we shall join one side, or act as a balance of power between the two—or retire to the isolationism from which we emerged.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*





# Current FACT AND COMMENT

IN the beginning of June in the year 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, introduced a resolution in the Continental Congress "that

these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." On July 4th of that year the Declaration of Independence was signed

## In The Years 1776 And 1944

by representatives of the thirteen colonies. From that declaration came the name for the war the colonies fought, the War of Independence. In the beginning of another June, 168 years later, the news of the invasion of Europe in the west by men who cherish independence has been greeted with heart-breaking joy. Because it is a war to make enslaved peoples independent of Nazi tyranny, the President has given this war the name of the War of Liberation.

Now that the invasion is on, there cannot but be joy in the hearts of liberators and those to be liberated, joy that each day brings Nazi hegemony nearer to destruction. Yet joy is not the only emotion. There is anxious sorrow, too. Grief in the souls of all who must see the finest of the earth's young manhood sacrificed, proud cities ground to rubble, the innocent caught in the savagery of mechanized, total war. At such a price is freedom bought.

ONE of the most amusing aftermaths of the decision of Eire to remain neutral and sovereign is the picture drawn for us by William Philip Simms in a recent dispatch from London of Sir Basil Brooke, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, almost bemoaning the prospect that all chance of Irish unity is now lost because Eamon De

## Future of Irish Partition

Valera has refused to allow his country to help defend the British Isles! (It is estimated some 300,000 free Irish lads have volunteered in the British armed forces.) The basis for continued partition of Ireland is now placed squarely on the grounds of Allied security. So says Sir Basil: "For the future security of all, Ulster must remain an integral part of the United Kingdom. It must not become a part of Eire." However, we may be sure Sir Basil spoke with no regrets and would not quite agree with Simms' remark, "Had Eire cast her lot with the Allies in those terrible days (when victory or defeat hung in the balance in the Atlantic)—or even opened her ports as neutral Portugal did in the Azores—De Valera's dream almost certainly would have come true."

This verges on nonsense. Security or no security, neutrality or no neutrality, De Valera's dream of a United Ireland is not affected one way or another. The issue with Ulster is fundamentally one of religious bigotry, not politics or loyalty to the United Kingdom. The former Prime Minister, Lord Craigavon stated in July 1932, "Ours is a Protestant Government and I am an Orangeman." And in February 1937, "I apologize to no one for what I have done during the last twenty years to fend off the entrance of the Six Counties into

an All-Ireland Parliament." Sir Basil, who has earned the nickname "Boycott" Brooke, did not blush to say in July 1933, "Many in the audience employ Catholics, but I have not one about my place. Catholics are out to destroy Ulster with all their might and power."

Not even in Hitler's *Festung Europa* is there greater totalitarianism than that which exists in Northern Ireland. The Catholic population is about 400,000 out of almost 1,300,000. Against them economic, political, and religious persecution is a daily program, as was pointed out in the pages of *THE SIGN* last December. This minority has no redress politically. The constituencies are rigged and the government is maintained by England. Censorship prevents their plight's getting publicity abroad. Even the pogroms of 1935 are not widely known.

Besides the fundamental issue of religious bigotry, there is the added one of British interference. If more facts of British rule in Northern Ireland were known even in England, there would be more understanding of Eire's refusal to gamble in the present war. In the last war the figures of her war dead exceeded in percentage of population those of all the British Empire except those of England herself and New Zealand. It is a matter of history how England repaid this loyalty. To an Irishman, "Perfidious Albion" is not a mere bit of poesy.

Whatever the future of De Valera's dream of a United Ireland, certainly it is farcical to maintain that it is now dissipated precisely because of Eire's stand on neutrality. That is as fine an excuse as any, but the causes go deeper. Sir Basil Brooke would be the first to agree!

It was somewhat of a bombshell Dr. Hermane Tavares, special adviser from Brazil to the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, flung before the assembled delegates of thirty-two

## Good Neighbor Policy Menaced?

allied nations attending the International Education Assembly at Hood College in Maryland. The word he used to describe the condition of our Good Neighbor Policy to the Latin American countries, especially Brazil, was the strong word "shocking." And that's precisely the word to describe the general reaction to Dr. Tavares' charge. Especially in regard to Brazil. There was one South American country with which we have been led to believe we are getting along quite well.

"I have just returned from a visit to Brazil," said Dr. Tavares. "Although there is a widespread notion in America that the relationships between these two countries are of the best, that is not true. There has been a steady deterioration of Brazil-American relations for the past few months. That is also true of the other Latin American countries. I have talked with hundreds of people in Brazil, and they all warn of the dangerous situation that has developed."

Now making all allowances for the evident agitation of Dr. Tavares and the vehement expression of his feelings, still some of the causes he pointed out as contributing to the

alleged deterioration of friendly feelings toward America bear notice. And correction.

For one thing he mentioned the type of radio program short-waved to South America. He said these are geared to the caliber of "twelve-year-old morons." Surely the doctor is not far wrong. Just turn your dial to the domestic broadcasts.

He mentioned particularly the large number of Americans, mainly from Government agencies, who are flooding the lands to the south. They are not "mentally equipped," he said, to understand Latin Americans. They keep aloof in their own clique, disparage the customs of the natives, and flaunt their own mannerisms. The only remedy for this arrogant provincialism on the part of Americans is education. The increase of exchange students and professors was recommended by him as an important means of improving relations.

THE SIGN has pioneered in the task of bettering our cultural relations with these countries. We repeat that the success of the Good Neighbor Policy stands or falls with the type of person we send to South American countries. Their culture is European, Catholic, and traditional. Ours is the antithesis. So long as we insist on sending men who are unsympathetic, hostilely Protestant, and smugly Yankee, our relationships cannot but be something less than friendly.

WHEN the Japs struck Pearl Harbor, a divided nation rose in united purpose. The might of that purpose is being felt increasingly all over the world. We Americans have never

lost sight of our goal. Results beyond the most hopeful dreams prove it. And yet gradually we have lost the harmony of complete unity. The record since

#### E Pluribus Unum

1941 shows a lamentable amount of partisan selfishness in the face of majority sacrifice: wildcat strikes and others deliberately sponsored from the top, management defiance and party politics, racial disturbances, black markets, inflationary self-interest. The litany is long.

If the fact that American boys are fighting and dying in the tremendous drives from the coast of England, from middle Italy, from Pacific bases, if the fact of invasion demands anything of us at home, it demands unity. Unity in abandoning selfish interests. Unity in working to keep the men at battle fronts supplied. Unity in jettisoning political pettiness in the current campaigns. Unity in backing the attack financially. Unity in government. Unity in sacrifice. Unity in earnest, constant prayer to Almighty God to undo the mess human stupidity and malice have spawned on an unwilling world.

THERE is nothing more certain than that God hears prayer. Atmospheric conditions may prevent the most powerful radio transmitter from sending its message. But there is nothing

that can interfere with the message an agonizing heart sends out to its Creator. And these days there is many a heart agonizing. Most of the world

#### Most Powerful Weapon Of All

has been turned into one vast Gethsemani where, like Christ before them, mortal men are sweating blood in the turmoil of battle and the helplessness of anxiety.

We at home know none of the destruction of bombs cascading down by the ton upon our homes and our cities. We at home know none of the stark horror of human flesh riddled with bullets. But we at home do know the tragic impotence of being here when our hearts are over there with the ones we love. It is part of our very hearts that gets blasted on beachheads, gets shot from the skies, gets buried in nameless waters. And when the ones we love die, it's a part of our own hearts that dies with them.

Yet we are not totally helpless while all this distant

slaughter is going on in the carnage of war. We can do something most powerful to aid. We can still pray. We can still pour out all the pleading of our hope or all the misery of our grief. God hears. God understands. God helps. For God has not forgot how men can suffer. He has not forgot how men can make men suffer. The day men spiked Him to a cross they did their worst to Him as He slowly died. We kiss that cross today. For from it came a prayer that pierced the heart of God, a prayer that brought blessings and peace into the lives of those who wept.

Prayer is the bowing of spirit before the omnipotence of God. Prayer is the acknowledgment wrung from human helplessness that only God can change the course of evil. Prayer is telling God we know our weakness and His strength. We can do all that. And nothing, not all the panzer divisions of earth, can quite equal that in power.

WE oldsters have been doing a lot of talking about the current crop of predraft-age youngsters. We've pointed to the alarming rise of youthful crime. We've quoted figures. We've

warned and scolded over girls gone gaga with uniformitis and boys gone beserk with lawlessness. Some of us who have lived a sedate sum of years have

pointed fingers at swing-shift mamas and their door-key kids. Some have blamed this and some have blamed that—Church, school, home; lack of playgrounds, lack of recreational leadership, lack of guidance maternal, paternal, scholastic, clerical. And so on.

Yes, we oldsters have done a lot of talking and a lot of blaming and a lot of worrying. But now youngsters have had a chance to speak for the record. And what they've had to say is enough to start a chorus of glory alleluias.

The Institute of Student Opinion had a national poll. Here and there all over the country, they quizzed 93,913 young people of junior and senior high school level. The poll covered the whole spread of student vagaries and aberrations. The point was: What do you think is the cause? And out of the mouths of babes and sucklings came this for answer: Parents aren't strict enough.

FOR example, late hours, number of dates a week, places where amusement is sought—these are bones of contention in any home where there's a parent who remembers that he

is a parent and where there's a long-pants Willy or a smooth and svelte Susan trying their best to be postadolescent. So the question was asked of these

teen-agers: if they were in the place of their parents, would they allow their sixteen-year-old sons and daughters to do as they pleased about hours, dates, amusement places? Now hold your breath—82 per cent said boys of sixteen should be restricted, 86 per cent said the same of girls.

Companionship—there's the rub in many a foot-loose and fancy-free heart that is beating its way toward maturity. "Mom and Pop don't like so-and-so. Why should I have to throw the ice water when he (or she) is my friend, not theirs?" (The words may be different, but the tune is always in the same D minor.) Well, 58 per cent of our young voters put thumbs down on a boy's being allowed absolute free choice of friends, 68 per cent said nay for girls. Of the dissenters, 21 per cent explained: "I would allow my son or daughter to associate with whom he pleases if he brought his friends home so I could meet them." A rather sensible dissent.

Looks as though the coming generation of parents is going to be awfully old-fashioned.

Or perhaps these youngsters are right—superpatriotic, war-gear parents are muffing the ball.

IGN

n do  
e can  
isery  
For  
orgot  
m to  
We  
erced  
peace

ce of  
uman  
evil.  
ngth.  
sions

cur-  
o the  
We've  
girls  
and  
wless-  
lived  
have  
kids.  
urch,  
ader-  
trical.

ot of  
e had  
ad to

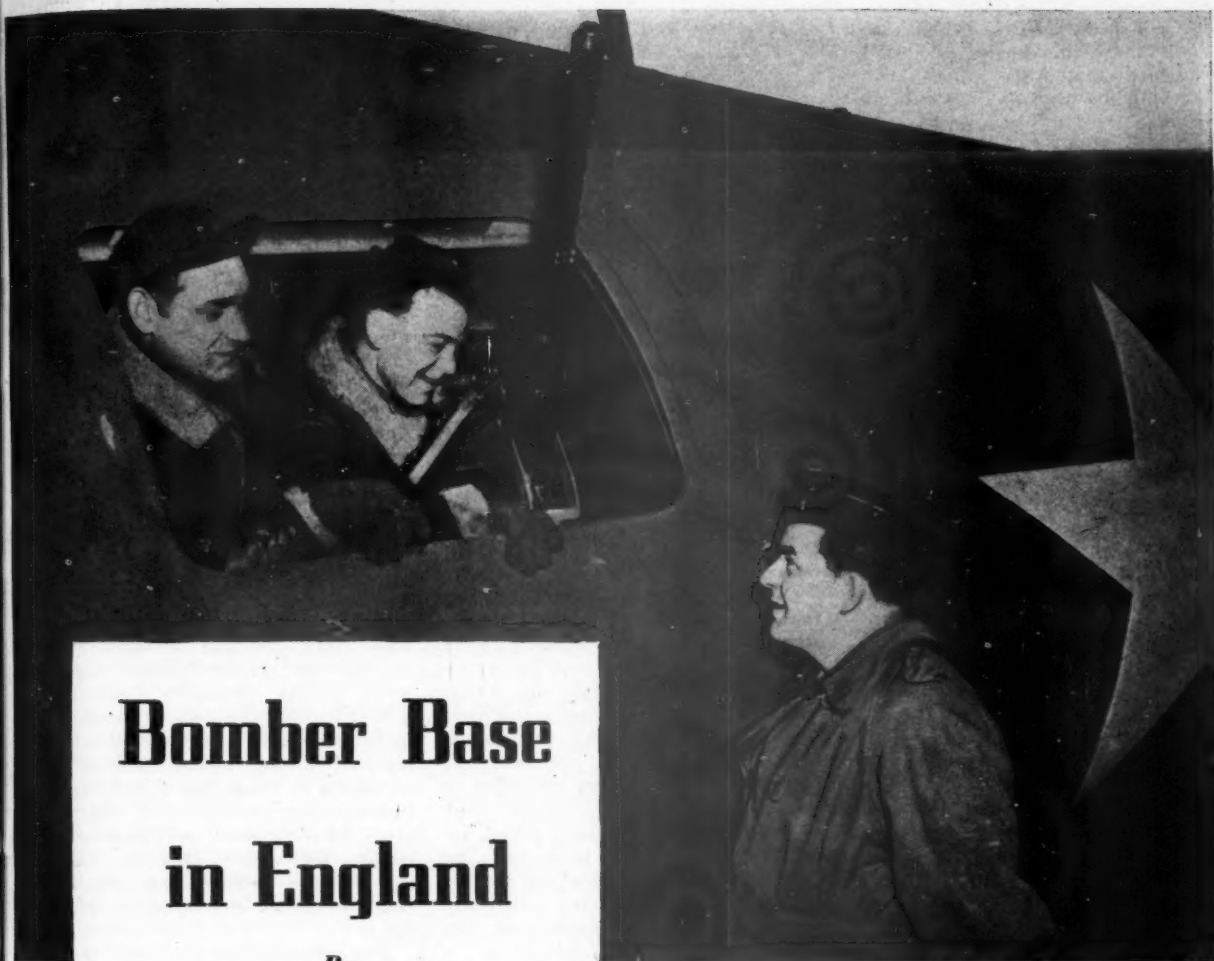
poll.  
3,913  
The  
erra-  
And  
swer:

places  
ntion  
at he  
re's a  
moot  
their  
t. So  
these  
would  
to do  
Now  
ld be

e and  
urity.  
ve to  
eirs;"  
n the  
s put  
choice  
nters,  
ghter  
riends

going

war-



# Bomber Base in England

By

ADRIAN POLETTI, C.P., CHAPLAIN

Capt. Poletti sees off waist gunners Sgt. Harold Thorman of Omaha, Neb., and S/Sgt. Bernard Rupp of Fond du Lac, Wis.

**D**ANGER never made a saint. Nor does a war ever make the Quartermaster Corps issue G. I. halos. Any chaplain can tell you that. It's his business to know. But I say this for the record: more men attend church here than back home. More men here count God in on their plans than is true back in the States. It may be war brings men closer to God. But this is certain: many a man here is asking himself, what's the real purpose of life?

I am Chaplain of a USAAF Bomber Station in England. Day after day I see my men take off on their bombing missions over Europe. Day after day I wait for them to return. Counting the planes. Counting the men. Some days they don't all come back.

Somewhere in the skies taps sounded for them—eternal taps. But they were ready. It's good to be able to write to a widow or a mother, "He was ready."

Back home people often wonder if these are just words, routine words written to give consolation. A Catholic Chaplain knows the truth of what he writes. And it gives him consolation and encouragement to be able to write it.

Here is why the Chaplain can write what he does. Here is why he knows that these young men who roam the clouds are ready to wander into Heaven. Here is an average, typical week at this average typical airfield somewhere in England, the homefield of this Bombardment Group.

Sunday—Unless there happens to be a bombing mission on Sunday morning,

**A Chaplain tells of our men  
who fly the skies over invaded  
Europe—their hopes and fears**

every man on the post is free to attend services. We are fortunate to have a permanent chapel. It is well furnished and accommodates four hundred. Since it is conveniently located in the community site, any odd hour you may drop in you will find at least one or two kneeling there, praying, thinking. Masses on Sunday morning are at eight and eleven; Protestant services are at nine-thirty. In all, over seven hundred men attend church on Sunday. The Jewish services are conducted on Saturday morning.

After dinner on Sunday, I return to the office for about three hours. Some of the men find it difficult to get around during the week, so there is always a number of callers. About four I go over to an engineering unit which is without a Catholic Chaplain. For the past ten months I have been saying Mass for them on Sunday evenings; attendance is over two hundred. Be-



sides being the hardest working men in the army, the engineers are also excellent cooks. After supper and a word with the men, the jeep is headed for home.

*Monday*—Monday morning I am awakened at four and laconically told, "Briefing at five." The Chaplain of a Bomber Group has for his first concern the welfare of the combat crews. For that reason he attends every briefing—that is where the crews are told what their target for the day is, are shown maps and pictures of it, and receive information and instructions for the raid. It may come at any time, but is usually early in the morning. The men like to see the Chaplain there. Even though some never go to church themselves, they feel his prayers will help see them through. Again they know that the Chaplain, if he voluntarily gets out of a warm bed at three or four in the morning to be with them and wish them "God Speed," is interested in their welfare. Many reciprocate that interest.

Following the briefing I see the Catholic men, hear the confessions of any who wish to go, and give them all Communion. If anything does happen they are prepared to meet their God, and thus they set out all the better equipped to do the job; they fear nothing, have free and easy minds, and can give their undivided attention to the work at hand. I can vividly remember a pilot named Casey who flew a ship named *Banshee*. He used to be one of the first to see me after briefing. However, the morning of the first Hamburg raid he got up late and did not have time to receive before leaving. We lost several ships that day, and when I saw Casey that evening he said, "Boy, did I sweat that one out! Saw ships going down all around me and all I could think of was, 'My number's up and I didn't go to Holy Communion this morning'; I could hardly keep my mind on flying the ship. But from now on you'll see me every time." Casey made seventeen raids, finally going down over Bremen; he is now a P. W.

After Communion the men go out to their ships to check the guns, bombs, instruments, and motors. Fifteen minutes before take-off they taxi out of the dispersal areas and line up at the end of the main runway. Zero hour and the first ship opens its throttles, darts down the ramp and up into the morning sky. At thirty-second intervals the rest follow; huge four-engined birds weighing twenty-five tons, carrying a crew of ten, tons of bombs, and bristling with guns. As each plane thunders by, the Chaplain waves "good luck" to the crew and gives them conditional absolution. They gain altitude, fall in-

to formation, and come back over the field in a final salute. With their noses pointed toward Germany they are off to annihilate another part of the Nazi war machine. I return to the chapel to say the seven o'clock Mass, remembering especially those who are off fighting in the skies to protect our freedom of religion.

The planes will be gone anywhere from four to eight hours, during which time you say an occasional prayer that they will all be back; the men call this time "sweating out the ships." About fifteen minutes before they are due back, the ground crews, fire trucks, ambulances, and trucks to pick up the crews, gather at the edge of the field. All eyes scan the horizon, some even have binoculars. Right on the minute the formation appears, grows larger until the individual planes can be counted. The one question is, "Are there any missing?"

Over the field they come in perfect formation. If any have wounded aboard, they fire a flare, come right in for a landing, and are met by an ambulance with the Chaplain and doctor. The formation circles and comes over again, only the second time as it reaches the center of the field the planes peel off one after the other to come in for a landing. As they took off, so they land—at thirty-second intervals. Ground crews begin servicing the planes at once. A good hot meal is waiting for the tired crews; they are then interviewed by intelligence officers, and another raid is over.

I have seen the procedure over a hundred times, yet it is an awe-inspiring sight whose thrill does not wear off, but continually fills one with pride that he is even a small part of this great American show. Everyone is in

► In prosperity our friends know us; in adversity we know our friends.

—CHURTON COLLINS

high spirits tonight because the photographs show all our bombs hit the target; all our ships returned, and not even one man was wounded. They may be up early again tomorrow morning or they may not take off till afternoon, all depending on the weather. If it is "ceiling zero" they will have ground school. Such is life with the bombers.

*Tuesday*—Tuesday morning we are up at three-thirty; breakfast, and then briefing at four-thirty. All is in readiness for the take-off when the mission is "scrubbed" at seven because of the weather. All the hours of preparation go for nothing. This is one of the

most trying things for the crews, namely, the many times they get up and put in several hours' preparation and tension only to have it scrubbed at the last minute. (I recall one week last winter when the men got up six consecutive mornings at four hoping for a break in the weather, which never came; but they made up for it the next week by going out five times.) This morning most of the combat men go back to bed. The ordnance men who were out "bombing-up" from twelve to four and have been in bed only a few hours, are now called out again to unload. The planes are never left standing with live bombs. I return to the chapel to say Mass, at which attendance on weekdays averages fifteen.

Later in the morning I visit the hospital and spend some time with the men there. There are thirty-two today. Nearly all had mild cases of the flu; in case of anything serious the men are immediately sent to the general hospital some miles away, where they receive every care and attention. I try to visit the general hospital once a week. In the afternoon I answered several letters from anxious parents inquiring about their sons who have been reported missing. Usually nothing can be added to what they already know, but sympathy is expressed, and very often some personal information concerning the soldier when he was at this field can be given that helps alleviate the burden of waiting for definite news.

This evening we had our weekly Religious Discussion Group. This is a rather new venture here. In the several weeks of its existence the interest manifested and the questions asked point to a revival of a religious attitude of mind. The topic of discussion was "The English Reformation." Next week it will be "Religion in Germany."

*Wednesday*—The weather has closed in so there will be no flying today; the men will have ground school. I visited the line this morning, also several of the shops. The men are always glad to see you and pass the time of day. Some take the opportunity to ask about some personal problem or to make an appointment to see you privately. I gave two instructions in the afternoon to men preparing for Baptism; also had several other callers. Concerning personal interviews, they average about six a day here.

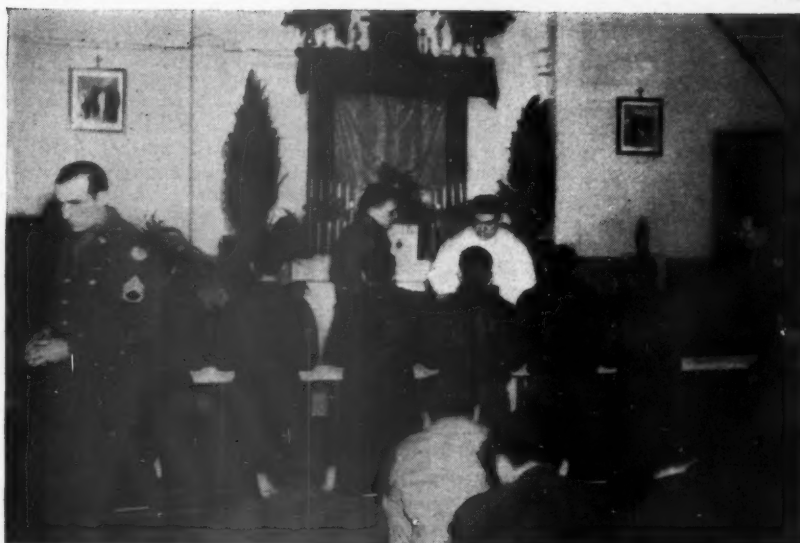
What do the men see the Chaplain about? Here are some of the typical examples: Some want to make arrangements to get married; others wish to discuss the advisability of entering the married state at this particular time (4 per cent of this group have gotten married since coming to England).



Many want him to write their folks to say they are going to church or in perfect health, and they often say, "Mother will believe you and won't worry." A few have asked me to write their wives or sweethearts back home to assure them that their men are all they hoped and believed them to be.

One of the most common questions from the ground personnel is, "What can I do to become a gunner on a Fortress? I came over here to fight." Some want information about continuing their studies through extension courses or a recommendation for O.C.S. Combat men often bring around a letter or some personal effect with the request that if anything should happen to them, it be sent to their folks. Officers often ask the Chaplain's opinion about an individual or the morale of the men or to give a talk to their men. One man who came in today said he had never been baptized, in fact, didn't know anything about religion but thought it was a good thing and would like to learn a little about it. Again, the men worry more about their families back home than they do about themselves. These are but a few of the personal problems that prompt soldiers to see the Chaplain. There are many others. But one thing is noticeably absent in talks with the Chaplain—"griping." We all know that there is plenty of it done in this man's army, but it means little or nothing. It is just a topic for conversation. It is the G.I. method of letting-off steam. He doesn't even take himself seriously, and actually the Chaplain hears little of it, despite the often quoted, "Tell it to the Chaplain."

Thursday—Thursday morning there was a briefing at four. As usual many of the men came around to receive absolution and Holy Communion. It was still dark and foggy when they took off. I was just finishing Mass when an explosion shook the whole camp. One of the planes trying to return to the field because of engine trouble cracked up in the fog. Two of the crew were miraculously thrown clear, the other eight killed instantly. Three of the men were Catholics. I gave them conditional absolution and Extreme Unction. Then I helped prepare the bodies for burial. It was not a pleasant sight to see the burnt and mutilated remains of men I had been with such a little while before. But the thought of their folks back home kept me there. Their personal effects were put in envelopes to be forwarded to the next of kin. However, some also carried prayerbooks, medals, or rosaries, and these, at the request of the C.O., I took to send directly to their folks. That afternoon all the rest of the



**Chaplain Poletti distributing Holy Communion in the permanent chapel built in the community center. More men live up to their religion here than at home**

planes returned safely after a very successful raid. I visited the guardhouse after supper; only three prisoners were there. I spent an hour with them.

Friday—Briefing was at six in the morning; take-off at nine-thirty. I visited the hospital before dinner. I went out to the line to meet the planes at three. Two of them fired flares coming in, which meant that they had wounded aboard. Two of the men had superficial flesh wounds from flak, but the third, a Polish lad from Chicago, had a broken arm from a 20mm. shell. When I climbed in the plane to see how bad he was, he smiled despite the pain and said, "Not too bad, Father, only got it in the arm." A little later, in our first-aid station when they were putting a splint on his arm before sending him to the general hospital, he beckoned to me. He asked if I would reach in his hip pocket for his wallet, take out the crucifix, and hold it for him to kiss; the doctor paused with his work while I complied. Then the lad explained, "I always do that before leaving and after returning from each mission; today I couldn't until now, so that completes my fourteenth. Thank you."

I conducted the usual Friday evening services at six; attendance: sixty-two, which is above the average. Later, I stopped at a Squadron party just to pay my respects and thank them for the invitation.

Saturday—Weather prohibits flying today. I said the Requiem Mass this morning for those killed in Thursday's accident. Many of the Squadron attended. We left at one for the funeral in Cambridge American Military Cemetery. The caskets were draped with an

American flag and placed in a straight row over the individual graves. My co-worker, the Protestant Chaplain, conducted the service for the men of his faith, after which I read the burial service for the Catholic men and blessed the graves. While an officer called out the names of those who had given their all for their country, a soldier saluted each casket in turn. A volley was fired and taps sounded, while the large number who had come to the funeral stood with bowed heads and said a final prayer—"May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen." As they had lived and fought side by side, so we left them on that beautiful green hilltop overlooking the peaceful English countryside. What a glorious thing it is that young Americans gladly make even the supreme sacrifice in the defense of truth and freedom. Even in sorrow, their parents, wives, and children, can't fail to be justly proud.

Fortunate is the man called to be an American Army Chaplain. While receiving every help and encouragement from Commanding Officers, he is living and working with the grandest group of men in the world—the American soldier. The Chaplain is the Liaison Officer between God and His creatures, as well as between the men and their families back home. While all around him is destruction, his is a life of helping, advising, encouraging, loving his brother man. And the genuine gratitude of the men in return is almost enough to repay his efforts without the hope of an eternal reward. May the Great Commander-in-Chief make him worthy of his opportunity and calling.

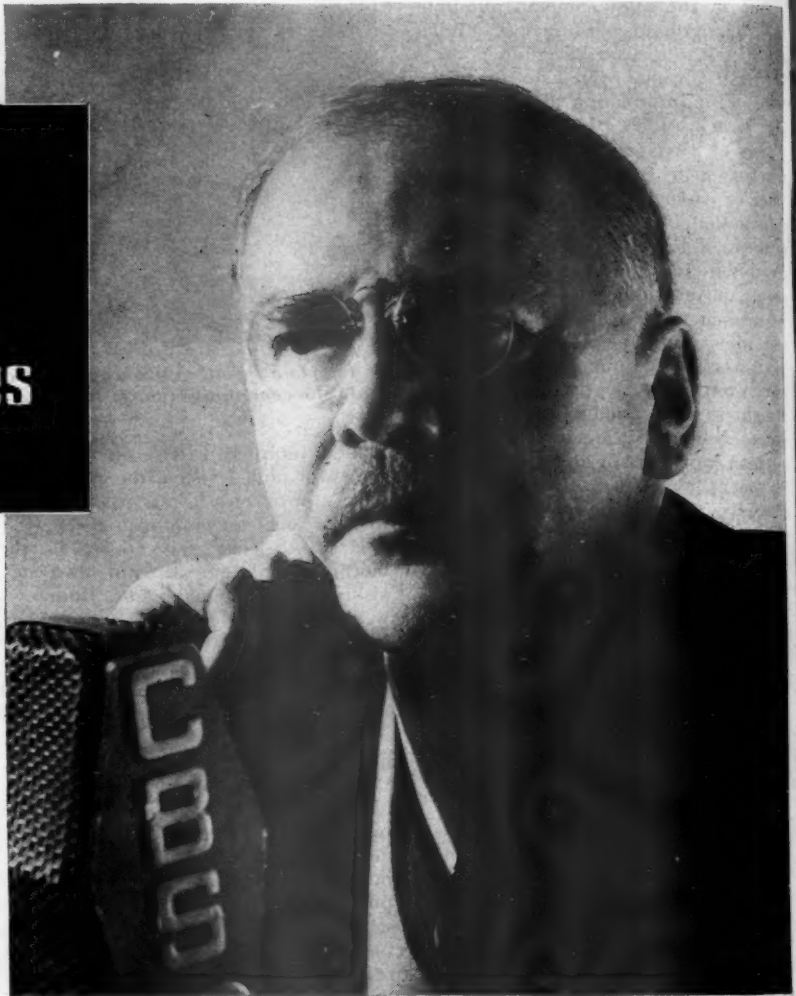
# Molders of Opinion—II

By LEO EGAN

## Oracle of the Airwaves

**H.** V. (which stands for Hans von) Kaltenborn operates on the theory that the majority of Americans prefer their opinions ready-made, like their clothes, their automobiles, and even their houses. He knows that if the finished product appeals to their taste they will not be overly critical of the materials that went into it and, moreover, that they will boast of it and display it proudly to their friends. They will also be generous, he understands, in accepting and adopting new models and styles of the same general line when the old one is outmoded and ready for the scrap pile. On this basis he has no hesitancy in making very positive statements of his views, omitting nearly all the possible qualifying phrases. Listeners who compare him to other radio commentators and experts are startled at first by his sparing use of the subjunctive, especially since, unlike Winchell, Pearson, and some of the other merchants of "inside dope," he makes no pretense of having secret sources of information. His judgments are based on information available to all his listeners even though they had never co-ordinated it to get the view he is offering them.

Stubborn, opinionated, widely traveled, and enormously sure of himself, Kaltenborn regards himself as a sort of superprofessor, the holder of the Chair of Current History at a university with ten or twelve million students, all of whom are there because they want to be there. He offers three courses: a day-to-day discussion of the news developments of the world for about ten million radio



**H. V. KALTENBORN**

*Stubborn, opinionated, widely traveled, and enormously sure of himself*

listeners, a slightly more advanced but condensed version of the same with illustrations for half a million newsreel patrons, and a sort of seminar covering the same general topic for lecturegoers and delegates to conventions.

In large measure he is responsible for the popularity enjoyed today by radio commentators as a group. Until 1938 the radio interpreter of general news played second fiddle to the fellow who broadcast sports events and a host of entertainment programs. Kaltenborn, who has been analyzing general news over the air since 1922, and who was one of the most popular of his class, was still able to

answer all his fan mail in person up to the beginning of September in 1938 when the Czech crisis riveted American attention on political developments in Europe as it had not been since 1918 and 1919. In the eighteen days between September 12 and September 30 when the issue of war or peace hung in the balance he made eighty-five broadcasts over the Columbia System, relaying spot news developments, analyzing and interpreting them. It was undoubtedly, as he remarked later with personal satisfaction, "clearly a record for continuous broadcasts by an individual." No other commentator broadcasting regularly at the

time enjoyed a comparable reputation for familiarity with European politics, so his radio audience expanded a hundred-fold overnight. He had pioneered a field and was striking pay dirt at last. Competitors quickly came to life, and advertisers, who had shied away from news-comment programs, raced one another for the opportunity of sponsoring an outstanding commentator at the popular news hours. Kaltenborn's own status was so enhanced that rival networks were bidding against each other for his services. A few years later he left Columbia for the National Broadcasting Company, which now carries his comments over a nationwide chain of broadcasting stations five nights a week.

The rapid expansion of his audience and the kudos he received from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University and other organizations for his reporting of the Munich crisis gave Kaltenborn, who never has been a shrinking violet to start, a dizzying sense of power. In the foreword to a compilation of these broadcasts published in book form under the title *I Broadcast the Crisis*, he declared unequivocally that radio was responsible for averting an outbreak of war. Using this as a premise, he remarked that he would never have been able to continue his broadcasts if, during that period, while he ate and slept at the studio, he had stopped to consider the enormous power he was wielding.

A confirmed internationalist himself, Kaltenborn believes he has a special duty to educate America's millions to "look beyond their own factories and their own frontiers." Since 1938 he has been getting in heavy licks on this self-assigned task, so much so that he brought the wrath of the America First Committee down on his head in the pre-Pearl Harbor days. He even picked a quarrel with the *Chicago Tribune* to draw attention to his attitude in the Middle West. While he has on many occasions stated without qualification that Communism has improved the lot of the Russian masses and has many commendable features for Russians, he has never advocated transplanting it to the United States. Receiving an income that has been estimated at \$325,000 under the operation of the American system of free enterprise, it is not surprising that he is firmly devoted to the proposition that it should be maintained unimpaired. Nor is it surprising that he can be sharply critical of Government attempts to place any sort of ceiling on opportunity.

Kaltenborn started down the path that led to his selection as counsellor to the American millions at the age of fourteen when he got a reporting job on the *Merrill Advocate* in Merrill, Wisconsin, where his father, a member of a noble

Hessian family, and several thousand other German liberals had taken refuge from the Prussianization of their native land under the Iron Chancellor. Three years later he enlisted in the American Army for the war with Spain and departed for the front with visions of achieving distinction as a war correspondent. Fame was not so easily won; the war was over by the time he reached Alabama. On his return to Merrill he soon was promoted to the post of City Editor of the *Advocate*.

Restless and cramped in the little Wisconsin city, he decided that Paris was the place for him when a poster of the International Exposition came across his desk. A few travel stories won him free passage to New York, and a willingness to act as nursemaid to a boatload of cattle landed him in Europe. He visited Paris and bicycled through Germany, visiting his father's family. Back in the United States, his money almost gone, he got a job on the *Brooklyn Eagle* as a police reporter by writing a poem about the Brooklyn Bridge. Ambitious and sure that he had a higher destiny, he quit to enroll at Harvard.

AT college he plunged into extra-curricular activities. In his senior year he was manager of the dramatic club, a leading member of the debating team, and editor of the *Harvard Illustrated Magazine*, which welcomed such contributors as John Reed, the American Communist whose body is buried in the Kremlin in Moscow, and Walter Lippmann, now the *New York Herald-Tribune's* noted pundit. By the time graduation rolled around he had also won the Coolidge Award for Oratory and the Boylston Prize for public speaking.

In 1909 when he was graduated *cum laude* with a shiny new Phi Beta Kappa key glistening against his vest and a burgeoning reputation as a liberal and advanced thinker, Kaltenborn accepted a commission from John Jacob Astor to tutor his son Vincent for a year. This brief professional interlude in a career that has been devoted chiefly to collecting, editing, analyzing, and interpreting the news was spent pleasantly cruising the Caribbean aboard the Astor yacht *Nourmahal*. When it ended he returned to the *Brooklyn Eagle* as a reporter and contributor to the editorial page at \$15 a week more than he was receiving when he had left, thereby proving, so he said, the value of a college education. The

*Eagle's* staff was not large, and Kaltenborn served as dramatic and travel editor in addition to his other duties.

The same year that he rejoined the *Eagle* he was married to the Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht, daughter of the then German Ambassador to Uruguay, whom he had met on an ocean voyage that summer. The marriage was celebrated in Berlin and has been a happy and lasting one. They have two children and have visited almost every part of the globe together. Mrs. Kaltenborn doubled in brass as his secretary for many years and remains his staunchest fan as well as his favorite tennis partner. Mrs. Kaltenborn never was able to understand how so many people were fooled by Orson Welles' Martian invasion broadcast. "If it had been a real invasion, Hans would have been the broadcaster," she declared with finality at the time.

During the last war, Kaltenborn was head of the *Eagle's* war desk, demonstrating unusual talent in appraising the significance of the military and political movements in Europe. This talent and his natural flair for oratory and talk put him in heavy demand as a luncheon and dinner speaker. In 1922, when his career as a radio news commentator started, he was already lecturing on current history for the New York League for Political Education, Columbia University, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Probably no other commentator on the air today has traveled as extensively as Kaltenborn. From 1910 to 1930, while he was connected with the *Brooklyn Eagle*, he regularly spent three months of every year in traveling. Since then he has devoted an even higher proportion of his time to visiting other parts of America and foreign countries. He has interviewed President Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, Hitler, Mussolini, and even Hirohito. In the course of his travels he has been held for ransom by Chinese bandits, figured in a diplomatic incident with Germany, and reported by radio a running account of a battle in the Spanish Civil War from a haystack in the middle of the battlefield. He also holds the unusual distinction of having broadcast from the Comintern station in Moscow, the first American to be accorded the privilege. Only last fall he completed a 20,000-mile air tour of Pacific battle-grounds.

In the light of his personal background and his opportunities for firsthand observation of conditions in all parts of the globe, Kaltenborn's judgments on world affairs often prove disappointingly superficial. He appears to have been a rather gullible traveler.

#### THOSE TO COME

Next month John C. O'Brien will discuss Walter Lippmann. In the September issue John B. Kennedy, radio commentator, will treat of Westbrook Pegler.



accepting what he was told and making little or no effort to dig beneath the surface. Nowhere is this tendency better illustrated than in his book *We Look At the World*, published in 1930 on the basis of trips and observations completed a short time before. Listing the five danger spots of the globe as Palestine, Syria, Egypt, India, and Manchuria, in that order, he proceeded to a discussion of the situation in the Far East. In the light of the Japanese expropriation of Manchuria the year following the book's publication and of other subsequent events, Kaltenborn's comments now seem puerile. He wrote: "Manchuria is less of a problem now than it was a few years ago. The Tokyo government has changed its Manchurian policy. The so-called 'positive policy' of Baron Tanaka's Government in 1927 and 1928 probably represents Japan's last attempt to dominate any part of China by the use of force." Mr. Kaltenborn unquestionably talked only to those the Japanese regime wanted him to visit.

His proclivity for accepting information without attempting to verify it independently asserted itself again in 1937 in the course of a discussion of the causes of the Spanish Civil War, then raging. "Three institutions are the curse of Spain: a selfish army, a politically minded Church and an entrenched, land-owning aristocracy," he intoned without disclosing that the statement was based on Leftist propaganda. The Catholic Church, he elaborated, was the "real economic royalist" of Spain, owning 30 per cent of the nation's wealth, getting \$10,000,000 a year from the Government's tax revenues, and maintaining "a huge clerical caste." He noted bitterly, too, that the Church has charge of education in Spain and "half the population is illiterate." It would not have been difficult for him to ascertain, had he tried, that someone was selling him a bill of goods. He would have found, for instance, that Government contribution to the Church at the outbreak of the Civil War was running about \$1,600,000, not \$10,000,000; that the Church had been stripped of virtually all its

property, whose total value, incidentally, was less than the endowment funds of Kaltenborn's New England Alma Mater, and that the number of priests in proportion to Catholics was less than in New York City or England.

It was not Kaltenborn's first failure to seek the facts in situations involving the Church, nor his last. In 1926 when the Concordat between the Italian State and the Vatican was signed, he observed portentously that it would never have been possible without a dictator in control of Italy, since it placed such a heavy burden on the income of the Italian people. And just this year he solemnly reported that the difficulties between the Church and the Mexican Government arose out of the extreme positions taken by both sides.

Labor union leaders have also been complaining of late that Kaltenborn is not overzealous in getting the real facts involved in their disputes with management, so long as what is available will support the thesis that unions should be brought under government control and regulation. He has publicly disavowed any antiunion bias, a charge that has been made against him increasingly, explaining that his concern is to see that union members have some protection against overreaching leaders. But he has never been the campaigner in this respect that Westbrook Pegler is.

Where he thinks it safe, Kaltenborn deliberately takes a very extreme view of situations. It is his method of getting publicity for himself and of competing with the Winchell-Pearson-Hale school of commentators who are selling "confidential" information. During the Munich crisis, for instance, he went so far out on a limb declaring that the ultimate decision would be peace and not war that many observers, notably the radio editor of *Variety*, wondered if he would be able to escape disaster if appeasement failed. Kaltenborn was a little more cautious a year later when the Danzig crisis developed. In early August he told his radio audience in the solemn tone of finality that he reserves for major pronouncements that the odds were

five to one against war. Flying back to the United States from London on August 31, he told reporters who met the Clipper that the situation had worsened slightly and that the odds were then five to four against war. Less than a week later the Nazi forces marched into Poland.

Outside of his job, Kaltenborn's interests are few. He likes the theater, tennis, and personal publicity so long as it is directed toward his public and not his private life. He also has a fondness for onion soup, home cooking (Mrs. Kaltenborn brought in most of his meals during his Munich crisis vigil at Columbia), gardenias, and dancing.

When he finds time for dancing few of his associates have been able to figure out, and yet he has amazed them by a familiarity with all the latest steps at a number of studio parties. He took up tennis at the age of forty-five and proved so adept that he has won many cups.

Kaltenborn's appearance in the newsreels as a news commentator is of fairly recent origin. It dates from a dinner in Hollywood, attended by studio executives, who peppered him with questions in the manner of Information Please. The whole thing was filmed and aroused so much interest when shown privately that it was put on public exhibition and arrangements made to have retakes made at appropriate intervals. In the first six months that they were being shown he received an even million questions from patrons of newsreel theaters, including this one: "How in H --- do you know all the answers?"

An inquiry conducted independently among radio listeners by *Fortune* Magazine a few years ago indicated that Kaltenborn's listeners are drawn mainly from the upper two income brackets and from business executives, professional people, and the proprietors of business.

In 1933, when he was on the staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System, he covered President Roosevelt's first inaugural, scooting up and down Pennsylvania Avenue in a car specially equipped with a two-way radio and making frequent broadcasts all day. Democrats who were wondering if their banks back home would be open to cash their checks the following Monday heard Kaltenborn explain the course that Mr. Roosevelt would follow with respect to foreign policy, the banking situation, government economy, unemployment relief, and other questions. A group of Washington correspondents heard part of one broadcast and, as Mr. Kaltenborn went off the air temporarily, one correspondent respected for his intelligence and wit remarked: "I wish I could be as sure of a few things as that guy is about everything."

### Footnotes to Fame—V

► Mr. Taft's tremendous size made him the butt of many jokes; but instead of being sensitive about it he took advantage of it. Once, as a young lawyer in Ohio, wishing to catch the through express train in the town of Somerville, where it did not usually stop, he sent this telegram to division headquarters: "Will you stop through express at Somerville to take on large party?"

The train stopped at Somerville, as had been requested, and the conductor looked surprised to find only one passenger waiting. "Where's the large party we were to take on?"

Mr. Taft laughed a little sheepishly as he boarded the train. "I'm it," he admitted.



# Mr. Diggs, Minister

By WILLIAM BRENNAN, S. J.



**S**MALL wonder that few people know of Mr. Diggs, who lives in Kinloch, a Negro district outside of St. Louis. One look at his home would suffice to explain why few suspect he's a great man. As you approach his house you half expect to see some sort of support thrown against the south wall to offset the dangerous list of the whole structure, and you wonder how anyone can live calmly—as Mr. Diggs and his wife do—under that leaning roof. Around his yard runs a picket fence, which investigation reveals was once white and unbroken. Happily, both sides of the picket fence meet with reasonable accuracy, at a gate with rusty hinges.

Through this gate every day comes Mr. Diggs. His arrival would be unnoticed but for the creaking of the hinges, and the barking of his two dogs. He shuffles up the walk to the front porch, whistling in his low, tuneless sort of way.

Running errands and carrying bundles is Mr. Diggs' only occupation now, a source of livelihood that naturally has nothing to do with greatness. Perhaps, though, if you were told the history of St. James' Baptist Church in Kinloch, you'd begin to suspect Mr. Diggs was no ordinary man. With all due respect to the worthy apostle, no one's claim to be patron of Kinloch's Baptist church is more just than Mr. Diggs'. He built St. James' Church. It took twenty-four years in a poor community before he was able to build this modest structure.

Twenty years ago, after its completion, Mr. Diggs stood before this church with his wife and daughter, justly admiring the little frame building and rightly proud of it. That church was the lineal descendant of meeting halls, rented flats, and empty store space in which Mr. Diggs had held Sunday services for twenty-four years. During this time he'd been banking the meager collections to which he added, when possible, something of his own salary. It was like filling a rain barrel a drop at a time. Mr. Diggs, however, had a goal to attain which he was out to reach even if he had to save pennies. He wanted a real pulpit in an honest-to-goodness church. Only

when he was sixty-two years old, though, was he able to deliver a sermon from his own pulpit.

All his life Mr. Diggs had been connected with the ministry, but not always in the Baptist Church. Before he came to Kinloch he was an elder in the Methodist Church, whose field of labor is Henry County in southern Tennessee. In his soft-spoken way he tells why he wanted to become a preacher: "There kept coming back to my mind a voice that I could not resist—I was just a young man at the time—and this is what the voice inside me used to say: 'Except you be the cause of the salvation of at least thirty souls, you will not enter the kingdom.'"

Mr. Diggs' ministry in the Methodist Church lasted, however, but a few years. When he was twenty-seven years old he became a Baptist because his study of the Methodist doctrine had raised a question in his mind about the manner of baptism. Three types of baptism were allowed by the Methodists, sprinkling, pouring, and immersion. This latitude didn't appeal to him; the Christian tradition was that Jesus Christ had been immersed in the Jordan by John. As only an orthodox Christianity would content Mr. Diggs, he left the Methodists hoping to find what he was looking for in the Baptist religion.

Shortly after entering the Baptist Church, Mr. Diggs was accepted as a qualified minister. He spent several years in the counties of Tennessee, preaching, helping to build churches, baptizing, for those thirty souls he had to save were before his mind. Financial difficulties, however, forced him to leave the South. At the dawn of the new century he was in St. Louis.

Between 1900 and 1924 Mr. Diggs watched the small Negro settlement in Kinloch grow. He saw the boom years of the first World War bring many families from the South, who soon formed an ever-increasing congregation. They came to accept Mr. Diggs as the leader of the community because he had grown old there. Quite regularly he was their guest at the occasional parties they held. And

when, in 1924, he built St. James' Church his triumph was theirs too.

But this wasn't the last chapter in Mr. Diggs' life; there was an intensely dramatic sequel. On an April day in 1934, he was seen outside his church removing his name from the sign. Instead of "Mr. Diggs, Minister," a strange name went into the glass casing. Mr. Diggs was no longer a minister; he wasn't even a member of the Baptist Church, for he was now a Catholic. At seventy-two years of age he had calmly thrown over his sole means of livelihood, the source of his prestige and honor.

After much deliberation he had been convinced that, by becoming a Catholic, he was joining the true Church of Christ, because only in the Catholic Church could he find men who had received the power to forgive sins. It required ten years of doubt, perplexity, and investigation for Mr. Diggs to satisfy his conscience. During the first four he became convinced of the basic untruth of the various Protestant denominations; during the last six, from 1928 to 1934, he fought against the inevitable conclusion that the Catholic Church held the solution to his doubts. Prejudice, bias, and misinformation held him back; but finally all his difficulties melted away.

Each day now, when the weather is good, Mr. Diggs may be seen walking to Holy Angels' Church for daily Mass and Communion. One morning, not long ago, while on his way to church, he was met by an old friend, with whom he walked for some distance. When the two elderly men reached the corner beyond the grocery store they paused for a moment. "Mr. Diggs, I certainly miss you at St. James; we all used to love to hear you preach."

"Why, Mr. Jackson, sir," replied Mr. Diggs, "I preach every day now—by my example." As he said this, Mr. Diggs turned down the lane leading to Holy Angels' Church, but Mr. Jackson went on ahead.

# For Fools Rush In

brassil fitzgerald



*It was Gerta. And she said to Willie Healy like the cool of*

**I**T need not have happened. Had Grandpa, Thomas John Casey, but minded his own business, there need have been no confusion, nor brawling. No return engagement for one Willie Healy.

This was Hollywood and this was spring. That was the trouble, the spring in Grandpa, also the beer. We warn you, reader, no saint, our Casey, no hero. A foolish old man with one foot in the grave, and out again fast.

Look at him now, up the Boulevard. Sedate yet alert, like an aging fox terrier; like a fashion plate, in a brown sport jacket and burnt orange tie. A Post cover, Grandpa, eyeing with interest the passing show, goodwill in his heart and a ten in his pocket.

Kathleen, his married granddaughter with whom he lived, had slipped the bill there, saying as she did so, "Careful now, Grandpa." He reproved her mildly. "Hush, child. And what did I do before you was born?" Kathleen knew. Her Aunt Ethel had told her. But now with the wisdom of love, she said only, "And don't speak to strangers."

Grandpa would have the last word, tucking safe the bill. "And where would you be if I hadn't spoken to your Joe Polaski?"

Joe was Kathleen's husband, a captain of marines, on duty now at San Diego. Grandpa had met him first—but you'll remember—or if you don't

'tis no great matter, an old tale in *THE SIGN* last year.

This matters. Kathleen was off to visit her husband. So Grandpa had the week end to spend alone, also ten dollars. He was aware of them, too, slowing his steps in front of the neon and chromium Lido Lounge, "Try our Zombis."

Grandpa did not. With conscious virtue he kept on his way. He had promised Katie. Moreover, this place would have no honest bar, but red high stools, and like as not females on them.

Grandpa did show his age. At times unknowing, he spoke aloud; as now, coming up behind a matron in slacks. His mind on the Lido still, and its clients, "Bold as brass!" he remarked; and fiercely, "Ought to be home." With a startled glare the matron fled, and Grandpa went along to Grauman's theater.

There he stayed. For there on a poster in technicolor and peasant costume, was Gerta Bari. A man was pictured beside her, a magnificent fellow with a wicked dagger and marcelled hair, and the beautiful eyes of an ox. Grandpa put on his glasses to read. "Now playing. Greg Valente in *Never Surrender*, with Gerta Bari.

Gerta Bari, indeed! Grandpa knew better. Gertrude Barry, the girl had been baptized. Her own mother had told him the day they'd played cards.

A nice friendly woman, she had asked him to call. In his pocket at this moment, in the insurance notebook, he had down her telephone. He had taken the number to be polite, not intending to use it. For the woman had no card sense. She overbid every hand.

Grandpa was not a movie addict. But a curiosity woke him now. This Gerta Bari that was Gertrude Barry, what had she? His own little Katie was better looking. He broke his ten at the cashier's booth.

*Never Surrender* was on the screen as Grandpa groped down the aisle, and past knees to his seat. The knees belonged to a soldier. So "Excuse me, buddy," Grandpa said politely. But the fellow didn't answer. He was leaning forward, still and intent on the screen, where Gerta Bari was dancing. Grandpa settled to see; too.

In a foreign kind of place this Gerta was dancing; Nazi officers watching, and frightened peasants against the wall. The Nazis had come to arrest the peasants, and Gerta was delaying them, holding them off with her dancing.

Studying Gerta, Grandpa shook his head. Give him Lillian Russell. This girl was too peaked, with her dark frightened eyes too big for her pale face, and her hair a great mane, so blonde it was silver. Yet to be fair she did have something. The dark eyes of her held you. There was strangeness



a lovely gray dove, "Hello, darling!" Willie's eyes questioned Grandpa

to her, an excitement and glitter. And her feet were wings, were whirling leaves. She danced like a sunbeam on windy waters. No wonder the Nazi officers waited.

They waited too long. The Chetniks came, led by Greg Valente, six feet of marcelled manhood, with ox eyes burning for Bari. And the fellow could fight. With bare hands once he broke out of prison, knocking Nazis right and left. And Grandpa thought, watching, "I wonder now the draft—the scrawny lads you see with the service ribbons—And this bully boy just play-acting!" But here was Gerta again, and defying them all, a brave little thing and smart as a whip. 'Twas herself in the last of it saved Valente. The two got away on a boat. Stood holding hands as the boat went to sea—and Grandpa briskly up the aisle.

That soldier was beside him, leaving too, and they reached together the foyer's soft brightness. Grandpa looked at him. Just a private, but he wore the ribbon of Pacific action. So Grandpa said affably, "A very fair picture. *Never Surrender*, now that's a good title."

The lad had very blue eyes in a white face. 'Twas plain he had been ill. "I've seen that film four times," he said to Grandpa. And with a shy smile, "Just to watch Bari."

Grandpa looked surprised. "Moon-struck, these movie fans," he thought.

On impulse then, and a trifle smugly, "I know the girl personal," he said.

As if hit with a bullet the lad stopped short. He said unsmiling, "You wouldn't be kidding me?"

Grandpa gave him eye for eye. "To what purpose, soldier?" And he added with dignity, "Barry's her true name. R-r-y."

That did it; that convinced him. "And mine is Healy," the soldier said. He looked like a Healy. Cropped, russet hair, and an ordinary nose—a shy and widening Irish grin. "I'll buy a drink, Pop."

Frowning, Grandpa stood hesitant, his conscience shoving, and he shoving back. The soldier misread that troubled silence. "Okay," he said, and his blue eyes looked hurt, "so you don't drink with strangers."

Grandpa stood to his five feet six. "No man in that uniform, sir, is a stranger to me." He touched his hat brim with a half salute. "Thomas John Casey of the 9th Mass. Volunteers." The soldier looked blank. Grandpa told him. "Before you was born—the war with Spain, and I know a place they have draught beer."

In Sam's Café, where there were no red stools, but a real bartend with a bald head and a union button, with

good honest smells and hamburger cooking, Grandpa and the soldier took their beers to a booth.

The soldier asked awkwardly, getting out his cigarettes, "What gives with Gert Barry? She still with her Ma?"

"She is that," said Grandpa. And with care he unwrapped his daily cigar. "A nice woman, too. Whist, maybe," he added thoughtfully, "but not forty-fives. Bids too wild."

The soldier was intent on his own thoughts, his eyes on the match burning down to his fingers, his voice trying now to be casual. "On the hospital boat coming back, in a movie mag, it said" he dropped the blackened last of the match—"it kind of hinted Gert was carrying the torch for that Greg Valente."

Grandpa was puzzled. "Torch?" he said doubtfully. "'Twas day when I saw her. Were you wounded, Mr. Healy?"

"Just malaria." The lad shrugged, his expression impatient, his blue eyes anxious. "Look, Pop. What I mean—are they cooing? Going together, Gert and Valente?"

There were times for the truth. Grandpa had an instinct for them. He said now and simply, "I just met the girl once, and played cards with the mother, at a cocktail party down below Malibu; there was no Valente that I saw."

The soldier with a stagy gesture tapped off his cigarette ashes. "It don't matter. Nothing to me. I just knew her when."

Grandpa grew impatient waiting. "You knew her when?" he said at last crossly. "When what?"

The lad grinned, a kind of wistful grin, and remembering. "When she lived in the flat downstairs. And she and me in the amateurs Friday nights. Drink up, and we'll have another."

They had another. "For the vitamins in it," Grandpa explained.

The lad wanted to talk, to remember out loud. "We had something, Pop. Gert and me. Many's the night we stopped the show. Laid 'em in the aisle."

"Queer talk this," thought Grandpa. "In the aisle, indeed!"

The lad studied Grandpa's polite silence. "Think I'm kidding?" he asked. He was out of the booth and buttoning his blouse. "I'm full of malaria," he said. "And these G. I. dogs weigh a ton." But his grin was proud. "Look, Pop."

Just like that, with no music, no warning, the lad started dancing.

**Bohemia, was it? Then give him South Boston. No six feet of marcelled manhood could thwart the iron will of Grandpa Casey**



Grandpa stared in amaze, in approving wonder. For this soldier could foot it. Heel and toe, tap and click, faster and faster, shuffle and turn, till the beer glasses jiggled, and Grandpa's heart. It was like old times, like the minstrel shows, and he drummed on the table to give the lad beat.

Now others were watching, faces up from booths. The Hollywood bartend, undisturbed, unsurprised, never stopped wiping his bar. But a taxi driver put down his glass—"Attaboy," he encouraged. "Pick 'em up, soldier; lay 'em down."

Grinning happy, the lad did that, throwing his G. I. shoes in a gay, fast pattern of shuffle and tap. Stumbled and caught himself all in the rhythm. Went rubber-kneed and spread to a stop, with a burlesque curtsy and bow.

Grandpa led the clapping. The bald bartend was coming with two more glasses, as the soldier, getting his breath, asked beaming, "What's Fred Astaire got—I ain't?"

'Twas the bartend who answered. "Two grand a week, Bud."

The lad ignored him, smiling to Grandpa. "I can plug a song, too," he boasted. "Not crooning. More like John McCormack."

The bartend spoke morosely. "Me, I can give like Sinatra. With *Pistol Packin' Mama*, you'd bet I was him." Setting down the full glasses, he looked accusingly at Grandpa. "And what does that get me?" he asked, and picked up the empties. "On the house," he said glumly, and went back to his polishing.

"He's got something there," the lad said, his elation gone. "It's all in the breaks. Look at Gert now. Believe it or not, I used to teach her. I was the big shot."

Grandpa knew without asking, and yet he asked gently, "Were you sweethearts, you and that girl?"

The lad nodded. "Didn't work out. She brushed me off."

"Jilted you, lad?"

The soldier shrugged. "My fault, in a way. I didn't want her hoofing. Wanted her just Mrs. Healy, and home waiting for me." He lit a cigarette. "Went about it wrong. Got a spot in a night club, not for the both of us, just for myself. Then I told her." The soldier grinned ruefully. "Boy, was she mad! Threw the ring at me. Fifty bucks, and I had it most paid for!"

That touched the romantic heart of Grandpa, and he asked with sentiment, "You still have it, son?"

The soldier shook his head. "Hocked it," he said. "In Salt Lake. The show I was out with folded." He made that stage gesture of tapping his ashes. "They all folded. When they had a turkey, they sent for me. Gert had the luck.



*Grandpa waited, not breathing.  
Maybe Healy would go*

Deserved it, too. She's tops." He spoke from his heart, and wistfully. "There's no one like her."

Grandpa said stoutly, "Put your foot forward, Mr. Healy. Let bygones be bygones. Go see her."

The lad said, but gently, "Skip it, Pop. Drink up."

They did that, and after a moment the lad spoke. His grin was cocky again, and his words, reassuring himself. "I ain't washed up. I got angles. I'm on tonight at the U.S.O." There was hope, faint hope in the lad's blue eyes. "It goes on the air, Pop."

"I'm on at eight. Station RBF." The lad's eyes were wistful. "Would you listen, Pop? I got no following out here."

"I will then," said Grandpa.

Grandpa's indiscretion was not constant, not chronic. It came in flashes, inspirations of unwisdom. He had one now, a big one, even for him—a jim-dandy, and it brought him to his feet. "Excuse me," he said. "I'll be right back." He went fast-footed out and across the street to a drugstore and a telephone booth.

He came back, a one man parade, beaming with virtue, and vitamins.

He declined to sit. "But look, lad," he said, "after you've sung, come out to my house. I'd be delighted. I could put you up. It would be a pleasure."

This lad was lonesome, you could see it in the blue eyes, and the hesitant smile of him. "I wouldn't want to bother your folks."

Grandpa waved that away with a lordly hand. "In my house, Mr. Healy, my word is law. And besides, they ain't home. 8 Orange Terrace. Write that down now."

Writing the address on the back of his pass, the lad asked, "How do I get there?"

"I was wondering," said Grandpa. And then aware of the lad's quick stare, "Take a cab, 'twill be easier."

"Oke," the lad said. "I'll be there." The look of his young face was bashful, and grateful. "I sure got a break, meeting you."

"I hope so," said Grandpa. And away he went home, not stopping for babies, nor bothering with dogs, his mind like a general's, busy with strategy, planning this evening's engagement. He wished Katie were home to tell her about it, and then he decided just as well not. She might be alarmed. He grew nervous himself as the vitamins wore off. 'Twas possible, barely possible, mind you, he'd gone too far, bit off too much. But shaving later, "Never Surrender," he remarked to the mirror; and scraping his chin, "That's me to a T."

At seven sharp in a vintage tuxedo, smelling faintly of mothballs, of bay rum and sen-sen, he descended from a taxi at 8 Orange Terrace. He climbed many steps to a kind of a mansion, that pushed, as it were, right into the hill.

Grandpa rang the bell, and waiting nervously he breathed a prayer. Or at least he spoke to St. Christopher. "You and me now," he said to the saint, "we'll handle this."

The door opened to a butler, to luxurious strangeness, and beyond white drapes, Madam Bari, who was Mrs. Barry. 'Twas a room, as Grandpa told Katie later, you wouldn't believe. "No pictures at all; strange chairs on a silver rug; and I'm telling you the truth, a white piano."

In the midst of all this, Mrs. Barry in a sensible dress and a gold chain and cross. She shook hands with him heartily. "Ain't this something?" she said, waving rings at the room. "That thing you're looking at, that brass ball with the lump, that's a statue they tell me." Mrs. Barry laughed comfortably. "I'm used to it now. It amuses me."

Grandpa's searching eyes found the radio; you'd think it a bookcase but for the dials. And he said with diplomacy, "You have a lovely home, Mrs. Barry."

Mrs. Barry tossed her iron gray coil-



sure. "Home, nothing! We rent it. It's a front for my Gertie, to show she's a star. She ain't back from the studio. We'll eat alone."

They ate alone, but for the butler fellow, who hovered. To Grandpa's relief, when the coffee was poured he went away.

It was nearing quarter to eight when back in the drawing room, they settled to cards. "We're good friends," said the hostess, "but I'll cut those cards." She bid a bold twenty and made it, scored it herself with a golden pencil.

Grandpa said casually, smoothly, "It just come to me. I met a lad used to know your daughter. Healy, the name was. A nice little feller."

Mrs. Barry put down the pencil. "Not Willie Healy?" Her voice was eager and warm. "Where then? When? What's he doing?"

"Today," said Grandpa. "He's in the Army. The poor lad got sick in one of them heathen islands." Then he used his finesse. "That picture of your girl's, that *Never Surrender*, he seen it ten times." Grandpa shook his head. "Devoted to your girl, any fool could see that. Both hands, as they say, holding a torch."

Mrs. Barry sniffed. "He'd put it down fast if you showed him a bottle. A character, that one." She sighed. "One of our own, and that's all I'd say for him. The way he treated my Gertie! Hush," she said in a stage whisper, "here she is."

Gerta Bari in person, who was baptized Gertrude Barry. She came in with a rush, and no glamour. A kerchief tied her platinum bob, her small face was greasy and shiny, and a silver-fox coat was over blue shirt and slacks. Unkempt was the word in Grandpa's mind, as politely he rose to greet her.

Her mother said, "Gertie dear, you remember Mr. Casey?"

Gerta didn't at all, but you'd never guess it. Her little hand was hard and friendly, and her smile, like a light on and-off, a brief radiance in her young tired face. "Hi, old-timer," she said. "Look out for Ma, she cheats." And swooping she gave her mother a hug and a kiss. "Don't stop your game, pet. I'm for a bath and the glad rags." She started to go, then turned. "If Greg Valente calls, tell him nine o'clock."

Mrs. Barry wiped from her cheek the grease paint of Gerta's caress. "I'll tell him nothing," she said brusquely. "I don't want you out with him, I've told you, Gertie."

The girl laughed, shrugging out of her silver fox. "What's wrong with Greg?"

Mrs. Barry sniffed. She did it with vigor, a good loud sniff. "And you ask me that? Him and his Mexican divorces."

"Divorce, Ma," the girl said. "One."

"Give him time," said Mrs. Barry

darkly. "It's like a drug on them once they get started. And his name with yours in last week's *Examiner*! Lulu Parsons, or whatever you call her. Well for your poor father—"

"Skip it, Ma." The girl stood there, slim shoulders defiant, dark eyes bright, and not happy. "I'm no baby, Ma," she said petulantly.

Grandpa listening and watching, was acutely embarrassed. Unnoticed he rose, and with silent politeness turned his back to the arguing. He moved to the radio and regarded it fixedly. With a start then he looked at his watch. It was eight now and after—he'd almost forgot. He switched on the radio, fiddled with it anxiously. Behind him the girl was talking wild. "I don't care," she was saying. "My life is my own." But here now was the station. The buzzing faded, then it came indistinct, Private Healy's voice, but too faint. Grandpa just caught the words, a kind of baritone blur—

"You called me when the moon had veiled its light—"

The ladies weren't listening. Grandpa got it, tuned in just right, turned it up loud.

"Before I went from you into the night—"

Sad the voice rose, and strong, lifted and paused on wings of song—

"I came, do you remember, back to you—"

Grandpa listened, his old eyes misting

► **Alcohol—A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.**

—'twas the voice of his people, his own youth calling. And Healy sang on.

"Though years have stretched their weary length between—"

No sound nor stir in the listening room. Grandpa turned to the ladies, his old face innocent, and his mild voice. "He ain't John McCormack."

"Hush," breathed Mrs. Barry. The girl said nothing, standing there still, one hand holding her trailing coat. Her young mouth was not smiling, her great eyes dark and strange. And like he knew—like he was there in the room, and the two alone, Private Healy sang on to the girl.

"I stand, do you remember—"

'Twould soften, thought Grandpa, a heart of stone.

"Hearing your voice through all the years between—"

One tear slid down Gerta's grease paint. Like a child, with her knuckle she wiped it away. Her great eyes moved to Grandpa. She spoke in a whisper,

quick and fierce—"Turn that thing off!"

Before Grandpa could move she was out of the room, small bright head carried high, one hand dragging the silver foxes. As the radio stilled they heard her feet, stumbling fast on the stairs. Somewhere above them a door slammed.

Grandpa was distressed. He was not used to such conduct, nor did he like it.

Mrs. Barry alone was unperturbed, gathering the cards. "Never a dull moment," and she gave the cards a deft riffle.

She dealt swiftly, three and two, three and two. "Your bid, Mr. Casey."

"No bid," said Grandpa, for his heart was not in it. "I would be nine soon, and poor Healy arriving. In a moment he'd tell Mrs. Barry. But diplomacy, that was the thing, lead up to it careful. "That Willie Healy, your Gerta seems kind of bitter against him."

Mrs. Barry nodded. "She'll never forgive him. Me, neither. The way he neglected my girl."

"He told me," said Grandpa, and stoutly, "Me, I don't blame him—wanting her home and away from them night clubs."

Mrs. Barry laid down her cards. "Do you tell me?" she said with labored politeness. "And him very upstage! A girl from Park Avenue chasing him. And him running slow, and looking back, pleased. Did he tell you that?"

Grandpa said a doubtful no.

Mrs. Barry sniffed. "And drinkin' champagne! Did he mention that?"

Grandpa said weakly, "No, he did not."

Mrs. Barry glared at him. "Men!" she said. "And I'll cut them cards. You've an ace on the bottom."

Grandpa lost that game, and the next, for he played without skill, wanting out, thinking a prayer that Healy would get lost. These theatrical characters! He'd never seen their like; nor let him out of this once, would he again. Like the knocking in *Macbeth*, like the calling, the doorbell rang.

"That'll be Valente," said Mrs. Barry.

But the butler appeared with a queer expression. "A military person, Madam," he announced, and stonily, "He's asking for Mr. Casey." The butler had a bad look. "Like he'd bitten an apple," thought Grandpa, "and found a worm." The butler's voice was cold. "He seems under the impression, Madam, that Mr. Casey is master here."

Grandpa rose hastily. "'Tis all a mistake," he said, "but I'll—"

Too late. The white drapes parted—for Private Healy. He came in with a dazed look, a kind of pleased amazement. "Nice little shack you've got here, Pop." He shook his head with smiling reproof. "And me buying the beers! Give me back forty cents." It was then he saw Mrs.

Barry, and was silent. His mouth open foolishly.

Mrs. Barry rushed him, arms wide. "Willie! Willie darling!" she cried, and hugged him, weeping with noisy gulps.

Willie hugged back with a dazed expression. He kept saying, "Ma Barry!"

Grandpa sat silent. He would not understand, he no longer tried. Behind this pleasing tableau, a new voice spoke, a cold voice and quiet. "What gives here?"

It was Gerta. Not Gertie Barry, but Gerta Bari. Glamour was the word for it. Her strange, gold hair a silken mass, soft-framing a face lovely and proud. And she said to Willie Healy, like the coo of a dove, a lovely gray dove. "Hello, darling."

Grandpa beamed, hearing that. Like a general he felt, with the battle won. Willie just stood there, all eyes and amaze, blue shining happiness. Joyously, he said, as if to himself, "Don't wake me." Then his eyes questioned Grandpa, and his big smile. "I still don't know what it's all about."

It was Gerta who answered, smiling still. "But I do, Willie." And now the coo of the dove was not quite that. More like a purr. "Ma cooked this," she said. "Ma," said Gerta, "and this private detective that calls himself Casey."

Grandpa started at that. Private detective? 'Twas a new thought. A good one at that. A thing he could do, and none better.

Gerta sat gracefully then, slim and exquisite, and her small voice mocked him. "Do your stuff, Willie. Sing some more."

Willie's face had gone white. "Listen, Gert—you've got me wrong."

Her smile was a slow, a lovely insult. "Not this time, Willie. I learned."

Willie was flushing and getting loud. "You learned what?"

Gerta didn't lift her voice. "That I was okay for amateur nights." Her voice was amused, assured. "Times have changed, Willie. Now I'm okay. Period."

That enraged Willie. As if to go, he put on his overseas cap. Violently he jerked it down till his ears stood out. "That's enough. I'm leaving," he said. But he didn't go. "I got angles," he blurted. Then he tried to be casual, to make his exit like a man of the world. "I'll be seeing you, Gert." And his laugh was false, bad theater. "Going up," he said, "when you're coming down."

Gerta just smiled at him. "Don't wait for that, Willie. When you've won the war, look me up. Drop me a line at the studio." Her voice was kind and patronizing. "I'll go to bat for you. I'll ask my friend, Greg Valente—"

Willie roared her down. "That ham!" He gave a loud and hollow laugh. "You would fall for a phony."

Willie was going too far. Gerta was up, her composure shattered. "If Greg were

here you wouldn't dare say such a thing."

"Is that so?" Private Healy shouted.

She stood small to him, eyes flashing. "Yes, that's so!"

Like children, the pair of them, Grandpa thought. Spoiled kids bragging. He'd tell them, too. But Mrs. Barry was retiring. With her eyes she beckoned Grandpa. Unnoticed they stole out, and like a stage curtain the white drapes fell behind them. "Let them fight it out," said Mrs. Barry.

Hostess and Grandpa were safe in the kitchen when the buzzer sounded. Mrs. Barry turned, teapot in hand. "Between us and harm," she breathed, "there's Valente now." Then, "You go," the woman said brazenly. "My feet are killing me."

"But what'll I tell him?" Grandpa asked weakly.

"Tell him? Tell him anything. Tell

~~~~~  
**► There is the great man who makes every man feel small, but the real great man is the man who makes every man feel great.**

—G. K. CHESTERTON

~~~~~  
 him you're the butler, and Gertie's out."

Grandpa opened his mouth to say a firm No, but Mrs. Barry said, "My poor Barry would handle him." And she sighed. "There was a man for you."

Well then, here was another! Grandpa jerked down his vest. "Make your tea," he said boldly. "Just leave him to me." Up the stairs he went briskly, advanced on the door and opened it wide.

Greg Valente in person, and a loose belted coat; and no hat, the better to show his marcelled hair. A tall man and handsome, and frowning at Grandpa. "Who are you?" he asked rudely.

Grandpa stood, bantam-small. 'Twas the artist in him, the genius of the man, English as Punch, as fish and chips, "What nyme, sir?" he asked. "I'll h'announce you."

The fellow didn't heed, pushed in and by him. Stood there belted and scowling, hearing behind the white velvet curtains, Healy still at it, indignant and loud.

Valente turned his scowl to Grandpa. "What gives here?"

Grandpa tried to look English, a wooden expression. "Miss Bari is h'out, sir."

The fellow paid no attention, leaned again to the draperies, listening. Behind, Grandpa said calmly, "No one's 'ome, sir—to you."

Valente turned impatiently, "Who's in there, you fool?"

That did it. That word fool inspired Grandpa. That word, and Aunt Ethel, who always said, "Fools rush in where

angels fear—" Grandpa answered blandly. "A low feller, sir. H'a mere private."

Valente stood irresolute. Beyond the curtain they both heard Gerta. Wild she was with poor Healy. "You can go now. I hate you."

Grandpa whispered smoothly, "You'd make two of him, sir."

Valente smiled then, his screen smile, large and white. "Stand back," he said grandly, "I'll handle this." And he barged through the curtains.

Grandpa didn't look, but he listened with all of him. Valente's voice came, noble and loud. "You heard the lady." And like he was playing a gangster picture, "Scram! But fast!"

Grandpa waited, not breathing. Maybe Healy would go.

Not a Healy. They can't learn retreating. The lad said hotly, "I'll go when I'm ready." And the foolish lad added, "Want to make something of it?"

Oh dear! Oh dear! Grandpa was trembling, hearing noise—the smack of blows, then the thump of a fall. A frightening silence. Greg Valente broke it, a loud voice and complacent. "That will teach the punk manners."

Grandpa bristled. He saw red. This foolish old man—one foot in the grave, but neither first—"I won't stand it," he muttered, and took off his coat.

'Twas Gerta saved him. Her voice like a whip. "How dare you!"

Valente sounded amazed. "But my pet—"

Her young voice shook with anger. "You—you moth-eaten wolf—"

That was too much, the unforgivable insult. The drapes moved with violence, and Greg Valente barged out. Like a thunder cloud, like an outraged hero, he stalked to the door. Grandpa was swift before him, opened it wide. The perfect butler. "Thank you, sir," he said blandly, and closed the door quick.

Hastened in then to see was he needed. He was. Poor Healy was down, flat on his back on the silver rug. And Gerta beside him, all upset, weeping. She looked up to Grandpa, her great eyes frightened. "Don't stand there!" she cried. "On the sideboard. Quick! The brandy!"

Willie lay not moving, and one of his eyes was puffing out fast. The other one opened, a blue eye and happy. One love-light shining. It closed again fast, and—"Where am I?" he muttered.

As Grandpa moved on his errand, the girl's voice was a whisper, but Grandpa heard. "You're home," she murmured, "my own Willie."

Grandpa stayed not to question, rushed on to the buffet, seized the decanter, with shaking fingers poured out a stiff portion. Lest angels be watching, "Tis medicine," he muttered.

And he drank it himself.



• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

### The Seamless Garment

*Was the seamless garment of Christ referred to in Scripture an inner garment or a cloak?—J. E. M., PALISADE PARK, N. J.*

St. John writes, "Now the tunic was without seam, woven in one piece from the top. They therefore said to one another, 'Let us not tear it, but let us cast lots for it, to see whose it shall be.' That the Scripture might be fulfilled which says, 'They divided my garments among them! and for my vesture they cast lots.' These things therefore the soldiers did" (19:23, 24).

The seamless robe or tunic referred to was an inner garment, knee-length or longer. Such a garment was in quite common use among the Jews and was of considerable value. Many stories have circulated about this garment, and recently a popular novel, *The Robe*, utilized it as a means of telling a story with an early Christian background. Historically, nothing is known of the tunic except what has been written by St. John. It may have been woven by some woman who believed in Jesus, perhaps one of the wealthy Galilean women who had followed Him in His public life; or it may have been made for Him by His Mother.

Symbolically, it has been regarded by the faithful as a figure of the unity of the Church which must remain undivided. Woe to those who stir up schism and rend her apart!

### Act of Contrition

*In the Act of Contrition we say, "I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend Thee, my God." Does not this imply perfect contrition and if so, how can one say this form if one feels that one's sorrow is mostly due to fear of hell and loss of heaven?—A. K., NEW YORK CITY*

Perfect contrition arises from a perfect supernatural love or friendship toward God, who is the absolutely Supreme Good, infinitely perfect and worthy of all love for His own sake. Imperfect contrition arises from an imperfect supernatural love of God, a love that is based on God's relation to us as our supreme good and whose possession will make us happy or, on a lower plane, it may be based on hope of reward or fear of punishment. It would seem that the difficulty proposed comes from thinking that attrition or imperfect

contrition excludes entirely the love of God and is motivated solely by fear of punishment or hope of reward.

Taking the words of the formula in themselves, they need be expressing only the various motives for attrition. Especially does this appear to be the case when we consider the emphasis placed on offense against God. The sorrow for sin because it offends the sinner's Supreme Ruler and Benefactor, his Sanctifier, Rewarder, and Supreme Good is motivated by the imperfect love of God as defined above.

We hope that this explanation will clarify the situation and remove any difficulty associated with the particular form of the Act of Contrition quoted because it was considered to imply the necessity of having perfect contrition. At the same time it will be well to point out that it is not as difficult as some seem to think to have perfect contrition. To have the proper motive, the perfect love of God, contemplation of Christ Crucified is recommended. Since Our Lord manifested the love of God for us in a very tangible way during His Passion and death, gratitude for what He has done for us will make it easy to pass to the pure love of God.

### Church Administrative Territories

*1) Please explain the procedure followed by the Church in establishing a diocese in a territory being Christianized.*

*2) What is a prefecture? How does a vicariate differ from a diocese? Is there a difference between the duties of a bishop and those of a vicar apostolic?*

1) The first step in the evangelization of a territory is the establishment of missions. As the number of missions increases and there arises the need for a superior having jurisdiction over the various missions, prefectures and vicariates are established. All missionary territory is under the direct jurisdiction of the Pope, but he appoints prefects and vicars apostolic to carry out in his name and as his delegates the actual administration of particular territories. The fuller development of Catholicism leads to the establishment of dioceses over which there preside bishops who are not merely delegates of the Pope but who exercise ordinary jurisdiction as successors of the Apostles.

2) The reason for the establishment of prefectures and vicariates is that due to the fewness of Catholics or the hostility of the civil power, it is doubtful if an episcopal see could be permanently erected. The existence of a prefecture supposes that the Church has made some progress in the



place, but that the development is still small. A fuller development leads to the establishment of a vicariate. A prefect apostolic is of lower rank than a vicar apostolic and generally he does not have the episcopal character.

A vicar apostolic usually has the episcopal character and, therefore by virtue of Holy Orders, is equal in dignity to all other bishops. Aside from the variations associated with the problems peculiar to the locality over which they preside, there is practically no difference between the duties of bishops of regularly established dioceses and vicars apostolic.

### Saints

1) Will you kindly tell me when the Church celebrates the feast of St. Celine for whom the sister of St. Therese was named?—M. S., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

2) Is there a saint who during his lifetime on earth was a baker by trade?—G. S., FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA.

3) Is there a St. Cunibaldus or Cunibalda?—SR. M. A., EGGERTSVILLE, N. Y.

1) Some authorities give Celine as a French form of Cecilia. If this be the case, the feast would be celebrated on November 22, the day on which the Church commemorates St. Cecilia, Roman maiden and martyr. The Editor, however, is not convinced of this opinion. It seems more likely that Celine is derived from Celinia (also spelled Cilinia). St. Celinia was the mother of St. Remigius, Bishop of Rheims and Apostle of the Franks. She died at Laon sometime after 458. According to the Roman Martyrology her feast is on October 21.

2) We do not know of any saint who was a baker by trade in the ordinary sense of the word. One of the patrons of bakers is St. Paul of Verdun. During his monastic days, he acted for a time as baker for his monastery. He later was made a bishop. His feast is kept on February 8.

3) We are unable to find any such names in the lists available. Somewhat similar are St. Cunibert, Bishop of Cologne (November 12) and St. Cunegunda, Empress of Germany (March 3).

### Dostoevski

Please publish in the Sign Post your opinion of Dostoevski, proclaimed by some as the greatest mystic of our times. Also something about his book, "The Brothers Karamazov."

—M. L., LONDON, ONT.

The writings of Dostoevski are powerful and often stimulating. His greater works are concerned with religion and, indeed, in its deeper aspects. He is often referred to as a "mystic" and his writings are called "mystical," but we must keep in mind the equivocal usages of these much-abused words. Instead of "mystical," a better description of the general trend of Dostoevski's works is included in the connotation of the term "morbid." The word "pathological" occurs over and over again in almost any discussion of Dostoevski. Psychologists have estimated that fully one fourth of his characters are madmen. He was so concerned with the degraded, the degenerate, the abnormal that he has been called "the Shakespeare of the madhouse."

In any study of Dostoevski it is necessary to keep in mind his personal history which explains, to a great extent, the aberrations of his writings. He was definitely an epileptic, and this condition was aggravated by his arrest and exile for political activities. From his childhood he suffered hallucinations and, at least during long periods of his life, he was depressed by the fear of insanity. His marriage to Marie Isaeva and his later association with Pauline Suslova, together with political and financial troubles, did nothing to

bring peace and rationality to his already distressed mind.

In religion Dostoevski was "Orthodox" but not orthodox. His knowledge of Christianity came from the National Russian Church, which suffered from interference on the part of the civil power and the usual limitations and corruption of doctrine characteristic of national churches. Dostoevski hated Catholicism because it is the antithesis of the form of Christianity which he evolved during his exile in Siberia. Dostoevski's Christianity was nationalistic in the sense that it was embodied in the Russian people. This is well brought out by the following quotation from G. R. Noyes, "His thought in his later years was dominated by a blind, unreasoning, patriotic enthusiasm for Russia and everything connected with it; for the Slavophile trinity, autocracy, orthodoxy, and nationality. His very religion was founded on patriotism; he apparently believed in God and the Saviour because the Russian people believed in them. While still in Siberia he rarely went to church and could not endure priests. In his later years, the Russian Church appeared to him surrounded with a halo of sanctity; it was destined to reveal a new religion to humanity. . . . Everything that came from the West he despised, Catholicism as well as skepticism. The Liberals as well as the Socialists deserved the knout. Practical, utilitarian knowledge might be borrowed from the West, but the Russian soul must be preserved from contamination."

Bishop Kelly says, "Dostoevski has been called the prophet of the Russian revolution. So, in the main, he turned out to be. But he was more than a prophet of that particular revolution. From the philosophy of revolution which he so carefully outlined, even though he hated it, he became the prophet of all modern revolution. He dreamed the ugly pictures that we see." Dostoevski had a deep concern for the masses. It is to his credit that he felt so keenly for the sufferings of the poor and persecuted, especially (if not almost exclusively) of his own nation. No doubt his idealization of the worth and vocation of the poor, of "the people" is what many have in mind when they speak of his "mysticism."

What has been said of Dostoevski's works in general can be said of his last and unfinished novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*. All the extremes of Dostoevski meet in it. One of his few noble characters, Aloysha Karamazov, is portrayed in this work.

To sum up, it can be said that Dostoevski's writings may be considered primarily as studies of criminology and of the pathological psychology so often associated with crime. They manifest the workings of his own tortured soul, but they also afford enlightenment on the development of Russian thought with its present-day consequences. There are in them, for those who have the patience to endure their painful prolixity and the mental balance to evaluate correctly their morbidity, many flashes of insight and occasionally touching religious reflections. But to call Dostoevski a mystic is a perversion of the word.

### Saint Bernadette

Some time ago one of our readers asked us to supply a special prayer in honor of St. Bernadette.

The following prayer, having the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop of Ogdensburg, has been sent to the Editor:

O glorious St. Bernadette, little confidante of Our Lady of Lourdes, we bow before your sublime faith, heroic confidence, and patience in trials. Knowing your power with the Immaculate Conception, we entreat you to pray for us sinners, and to obtain for us the favor we humbly and trustingly seek. St. Bernadette, pray for us. St. Bernadette, help us—now.



## Catholic Church and Present War

1) *I do not understand the reasons for the Catholic hierarchy's claim that the United States is fighting a just war.*

2) *How can we as Catholics aid Russia through lend-lease when Communism has been vigorously condemned by the Popes?*

3) *If we are fighting a just war, what about the Catholics of Germany? What of the Italians who have been on both sides?*—R. E. L., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1) It should not be very difficult to understand the attitude of the American Catholic bishops. If ever the conditions for a just war were fulfilled they were as far as our country is concerned in the present struggle. This nation was not in the war until attacked by Japan. Following this attack, Germany and Italy declared war on the United States. In such circumstances what was our nation to do? It should not be necessary here to demonstrate the right of a nation to defend itself. Furthermore, even if there had been no actual attack there would have been sufficient reason for going to war. The right of war has its origin and end in the fundamental and universal right of peace. It is no paradox to declare that a nation's right to peace must at times be defended by going to war. In the present instance it was evident long before we actually went to war that we were on the list to be attacked when the appropriate time came. In view of this it would not have been necessary to await an actual invasion to defend our threatened peace.

We do not forget the opinion of many that we got into the war because of the aid we extended to England and China. Be that as it may, it must be remembered that any nation is acting within its rights when it extends aid to another nation against an unjust aggressor.

2) The help given Russia by the United States is not for the support and spread of Communism. It is true that the Popes have condemned and will continue to condemn Communism. At the same time it must be recalled that our present Holy Father has recognized the distinction between Communism and the Russian people.

3) It is not easy for an individual citizen to determine the justice or the injustice of a war in which his country is engaged. A good summary of the practical approach to this problem on the part of citizens is contained in the following quotation from *Principles of Ethics*, by Dom Thomas Moore, O. S. B., "a citizen owes his state support in time of war and, if need be, must lay down his life for his country. The judgment as to whether or not war is to be declared must rest with those in authority. In general a citizen should so far acquiesce in the judgment of the government as to place his financial aid and personal services at the disposal of the government. Two sides can generally be made out for any declaration of war. It is precisely the function of the state to decide in such matters of civil importance. Once this decision has been made, the citizen stands by his government and lays aside his personal opinion. Only in very rare cases can one be so certain of his own opinion that he can say: 'The government is wrong and I am right. The war is unjust and I cannot bear arms in an unjust war.' If he feels certain that the war is unjust he must decline to bear arms, but he cannot refuse to offer his services in caring for the sick and wounded."

This does not mean that war is a thing to be desired. War has always been an evil from which men of good will have sought to be delivered. In fact, it is one of the greatest calamities and should be avoided by every reasonable means. Yet we cannot blink the fact that in man's imperfect state, wars will come just as will quarrels arise between individuals.

As long as evil is possible in the world, so long will it be possible to have the recurrence of the calamity of war.

Christ and His Church teach the only solution for war—the reform of human life. A universal adherence to the teaching of Christianity would do away with the fratricidal strife of war. The promotion of this teaching, which so many refuse to accept with all its implications, is the work of the Church. Is it not strange to expect the Church to bring peace to the world when so many men and nations have done and continue to do everything possible to hamper and destroy her spiritual authority?

## Rubrics for Congregation

*Will you please give the proper rubrics to be observed by the people who attend a High Mass and a Solemn High Mass respectively?*—B. B., ROSELAND, B. C.

According to Wapellhurst, an authority on the rubrics, the congregation should follow the order prescribed for clerics who assist in the sanctuary with some modifications introduced by custom. We shall give this order and note the exceptions which may be followed.

1. When procession enters the church or celebrant enters the sanctuary—Stand.
2. During prayers at foot of altar—Kneel.
3. From the time the celebrant ascends the altar until he goes to the bench after intoning the *Gloria*—Stand.
4. While choir sings the *Gloria*—Sit.
5. From the time the celebrant rises from the bench until the end of the prayers—Stand.
6. During reading or chanting of the Epistle and during Solemn Mass while Gospel is read—Sit.
7. When the Gospel is sung and until the celebrant completes the Creed—Stand.
8. When celebrant goes to bench during singing of the Creed—Sit.
9. When the celebrant rises from bench and during singing of *Dominus vobiscum* and *Oremus*—Stand.
10. From the *Oremus* to the beginning of the Preface—Sit.

Note.—During Solemn Mass when incense is used, the people stand during the incensing of the congregation and if the Preface has not begun they sit after being incensed.

11. From beginning of Preface until celebrant has recited the *Sanctus*—Stand.

12. From the end of the recitation of the *Sanctus* until the chalice has been placed on the altar after the elevation—Kneel.

13. After the elevation of the chalice until the celebrant has consumed the Precious Blood—Stand.

Note.—In many places it is customary for the congregation to remain kneeling until after the priest's communion.

14. When the priest takes the second ablution until the *Dominus vobiscum* before the Postcommunion—Sit.

15. During the Postcommunion and until the Blessing—Stand.

16. At the Blessing—Kneel.

17. During the last Gospel and until celebrant retires to the sacristy—Stand.

The above rules are followed during a Requiem High Mass, except—

1. During the prayers before the Epistle and after the Communion—Kneel.

2. From the end of the recitation of the *Sanctus* until the *Pax Domini* before the *Agnus Dei* (unless it is customary to remain kneeling until after the Communion)—Kneel.

During Low Mass it is proper to kneel throughout except to stand while the two Gospels are read.



*When Johnny comes marching home, will he join the ranks of working men?*

### The winner of a Pabst award on postwar planning poses a major question

JOHN SMITH, dreaming in his foxhole in Italy, has few thoughts of glory. War to him is not a game to be played for its own sake. He is not a professional soldier seeking victory as an end in itself. Even the great ideals for which men fight are not uppermost in his consciousness. His philosophy is simple. He has been living a good way of life, the American way. This way has been threatened by concerted aggression from East and West. The aggressors must be silenced once and for all, so he may live his life in peace.

When John Smith is demobilized, he wants to return to an America that will give him a good life. He will enjoy the honor and distinction that are rightly his, but he knows that these things will pass. What will endure are the job, the home, the family, and the Church of his youth. If these treasures do not await him, he will feel betrayed. Probably he will not take such betrayal passively. After the last war, many nations in Europe which did not give jobs to the soldiers, sooner or later lapsed into dictatorship. A generation which has known the depression of the thirties and the war of the forties will demand results. If they are not gotten in the traditional way, men will experiment with new ways. The cost of such experiments may be heavy.

Private Smith does not plan to sell apples on street corners. Nor does he want to eke out a living through the WPA or its equivalent. He wants regular

work and reasonable security, not some emergency stopgap. He may go into a factory, or a filling station, or perhaps to some civil-service position, or he may even open his own store. But it must be normal work, or he will be profoundly dissatisfied.

What answer can we give this soldier dreaming in his foxhole? Are we ready to promise him that the nation for which he fought will not forget him? It is easier to ask these questions than to answer them with assurance. In all honesty we must tell him that before the war we had about eight million more workers than jobs. During the last five years, when we first rearmed Europe, and then produced for our own forces, there have

*Or must he join an army of disillusioned and jobless men, whiling his time away with checkers and newspaper in a country that has forgotten him?*



# Jobs or Dictatorship?

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

been tremendous strides in industrial efficiency. Thousands of shortcuts have been discovered by American inventive and managerial genius. We rejoice at them now, because they mean more production with fewer workers. But after the war they can mean bitter unemployment.

Again, we have trained millions of women to do the work formerly done by men. Most women will be glad to return to their homes. But some will not, and they also will be competing for jobs after the war. We must face the disturbing truth that American business activity must be enormous to absorb such a working force. If in the years of peace we turn out only as much in the way of goods and services as we did during the prosperous twenties, we would have from twelve to twenty millions unemployed. More workers and more efficiency would simply mean more idleness. It will take

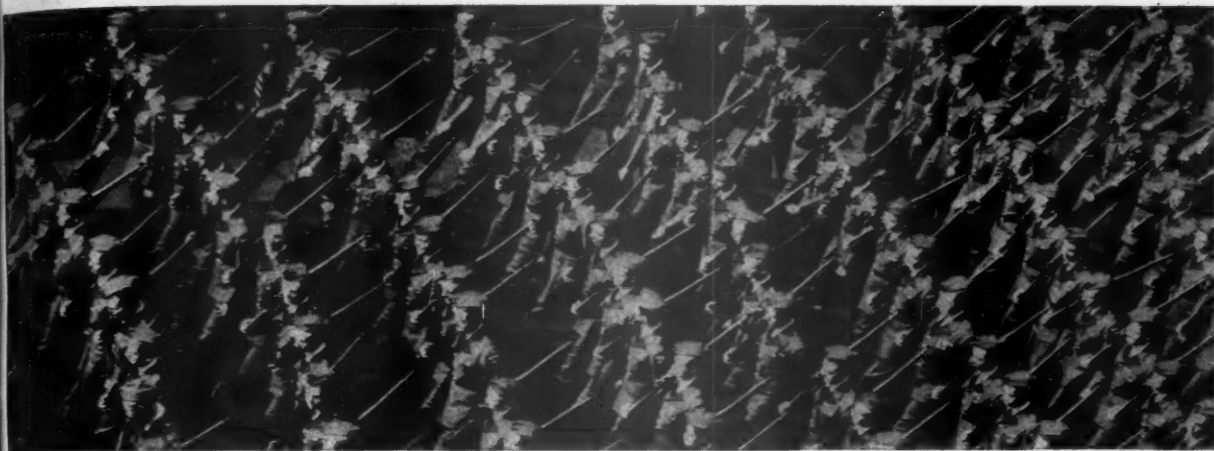
R  
hip

N, S.S.

industrial  
cuts have  
inventive  
rejoice at  
more pro-  
But after  
unemploy-

illions of  
y done by  
to return  
not, and  
jobs after  
disturbing  
s activity  
ch a work-  
peace we  
ne way of  
luring the  
have from  
employed.  
ncy would  
will take

ime away  
n?



prosperity beyond our wildest dreams to turn the trick.

America did the impossible in producing for war. It faces no less a challenge in producing for peace. All this must be done in a democratic way. We cannot order the women to return to their homes, as Hitler did. Nor can we follow the Nazi pattern of forcing employers to take on unneeded workers. It is idle to draw up a master plan, in Soviet fashion, and regiment industry accordingly. These methods would be relatively easy, but they would sacrifice freedom, and such a sacrifice we rightly reject. But how are we to accomplish our task?

Some feel that the job will be done automatically. They count on the accumulated needs of war years to bring about immediate prosperity. But it would be dangerous to count too heavily upon this deferred demand. It is true that millions will want automobiles, radios, refrigerators, and countless other items unobtainable today. There will be need for millions of houses. Our entire road system will require rebuilding. Railroads will want new equipment in enormous amounts. Many industries will need new machinery. To pay for these, our citizens have billions in war bonds

and savings. Our city and state governments will have abundant funds. Indeed, so great is the force of pent-up needs that war controls may carry over into the first years of peace, lest we have wild and unmanageable inflation.

The first years of peace should be intensely prosperous. After a slowdown for reconversion, we should break all previous records for peacetime production. It is quite possible that demobilized soldiers will find jobs with ease. The gloomy forebodings of the pessimists may vanish like a morning mist. For three to five years, we will be riding the rainbow trail, with comforts and luxuries in abundance. But can we keep it up?

Perhaps economists should not be asking such questions. It may be that they have taken too seriously the charge that they study the "dismal science." But they do not believe that their gloom is just a matter of temperament. It is not merely their endocrines which cast them in the role of Cassandra. Nor is it bad digestion which leads them in the midst of sumptuous banquets to discern the handwriting on the wall. There is a stern economic law which cannot be flouted. Unless we follow its dictates, we will plunge from prosperity into our greatest depression.

The nineteen-fifties even more than the forties will determine our destiny.

This economic law is that a *system of free capitalist enterprise must expand or perish*. As efficiency increases, production must likewise increase, or resulting unemployment may prove fatal. Deferred demand will answer this need during the forties, but after that we cannot merely let nature take its course. The normal manner of expression is the investment of accumulated savings either in new industries or in the expansion of older ones. If savings are not used this way by individuals, banks, insurance companies, and other corporations, our financial system becomes clogged and we have a disastrous depression.

In the past we could take growth for granted. The history of America is a story of almost unbelievable expansion. There was a constant race between industry and transportation for first honors in this field. At one time, our great new industries attracted millions of immigrants. At another, it was the railroads and the adjuncts to automobile travel which gave millions of jobs. This process went on so smoothly and inevitably that men came to accept it as natural. Every twenty years or so there would be a





world-shaking discovery, and work for all.

If such is the case, many will wonder why economists are addicted to pessimism. Surely at no time in our history has there been greater promise of new inventions. If we measure expansion by eras, we can talk of the railroad era, the coming of electricity, the automobile age, and now the era of industrial chemistry. Out of the laboratories today are coming products which are tailored to our every need. There are the plastics of every type, light metals and specially treated woods, waterproof and fireproof clothing and furniture, and synthetics which far surpass the natural products which they displace. Wartime censorship permits us only to hint at the marvels of electronics. We have only begun to sample new modes of transportation, entertainment, and the like. We scarcely realize what the airplane, television, and air conditioning will mean.

But the economist is not overwhelmed by effusive advertisements about the world of tomorrow. He distinguishes between industries which create new jobs, and those which merely replace older plants. Plastics and light metals may replace steel and wood, but all this may mean prosperity in one industry at the expense of another. If the clothing of tomorrow is to be of spun glass, this may not be good news for the cotton farmer or the wool grower. The theaters may not rejoice at the competition of television. Nylon and synthetic rubber will give employment here, but they will create problems in the Orient. The glowing promise of air travel does not bring unadulterated joy to the railroads and steamship companies. Many communities will hum with activity as these new plants go up, but others may be transformed into ghost towns as the older firms slowly die.

The contrast is clear when we compare the automobile industry with the inventions of today. It is difficult to compute the number of jobs created by the low-priced car. There was direct employment in Detroit and elsewhere. The tire and gasoline industries were by no means insignificant. Service stations, filling stations, road building, traffic control, and resort facilities all gave jobs to millions.

On the other side of the picture, few lost their jobs because of the automobile. Even the railroads were not crippled by the competition. But, turning to tomorrow, it is not easy to see any new discovery or combination of discoveries which can do so much. Yet, free enterprise must expand, if it is to survive.

There are roads to expansion. We must take them or the prosperous forties will be succeeded by the disastrous fifties. This involves policies of the utmost delicacy. On the one hand, there must be improvements in the relationships between government and business so that new enterprise will bloom. On the other, industry must not have such a free hand that it will commit suicide through restrictive price and production policies.

**F**ROM the viewpoint of relaxed control, government must make it easier for business to expand. Today new enterprises face many difficult hurdles. It is hard for them to obtain money through the sale of stocks and bonds. Some of this trouble arises from the restrictions of the Securities and Exchange Commission. In the effort to prevent fraud, it has insisted upon detailed information which adds to the expense of financing. Furthermore, tax policies tend to deter investors from taking risks. Many feel that if a new enterprise is successful, their gains will be largely absorbed by taxes. Hence they are not inclined to assume risks. This, plus other factors, has led to the "Wall Street mentality." Investors are interested only in issues backed by the large Wall Street houses, with the result that small firms have little chance to expand. Inventors must either interest a large corporation or lose out completely. The result is that a promising road to expansion is almost completely blocked. Furthermore, by the same process the concentration of economic power into the hands of giant firms is accelerated. Thus there is great need of a positive government policy aimed at increasing industrial growth, particularly by encouraging small, new business firms.

On the other hand, government cannot merely let business have its own way. Industry must be policed for its own good. This does not mean merely pre-

venting the fraud and wild speculation which shook our entire economic system during the thirties. Even more dangerous are the price policies of many firms. On the basis of a "live and let live" philosophy, many companies try to avoid price competition. They would apportion markets, keep prices high, and restrict output so as not to flood the market. But restricted production means fewer jobs. Only by low-unit profit and high output can we have the expansion necessary for a sound economic system. This involves antitrust control.

There must be regulation in the financial field as well. If unlimited borrowing is permitted, the experience of the twenties may be repeated. If profits and incomes are allowed to increase in a skyrocketing manner, we will inevitably face a glut of excess savings.

Finally, the problem posed by a national debt of three hundred billion is stupendous. National solvency demands that the debt be repaid, but heavy taxes for the purpose tend to stifle spending and hurt business. It would be possible to face this problem by allowing our banking system to retire a fixed percentage of the bonds each year, with the Treasury taking these bonds from the banks only when budget surpluses permit. Thus we would have a regular redemption program, without imposing an inflexible burden upon national finances.

A detailed analysis of the above points would be beyond the scope of this article. Two important ideas stand out. The first is that government must offer business and the investor every opportunity to expand. Tax and regulatory policies must be formulated with this end in view. Only by this method can employment keep pace with increased efficiency. Secondly, increased freedom for business cannot mean unregulated license. If government abdicates and lets business have its own way completely, there will be a repetition on a larger scale of the abuses which led to our recent disastrous depression.

It would be a national tragedy if the coming elections were to force voters to choose between the two policies advocated above. Either without the other would be inadequate to do the task.

Whoever wins the elections, the nation may well pray that middle-of-the-road advisers determine national policies. If business men with the liberal attitude of Eric Johnston or Charles McCormick and labor leaders with the considerate approach of Robert Watt and Philip Murray could work out a policy and have it enacted into law, then the nation would indeed be fortunate. But if extremists of either side take over, then the reaping of the harvest will be a grim and bitter task.

### Embarrassing Moment

► Senator Reed Smoot once spoke before a large crowd of Swedes. There was but little applause. He was followed by a man who spoke to them in their native tongue. The applause was deafening, and Smoot cheered as loudly as the best of them. Then, still clapping his hands, he leaned over to the Chairman of the meeting.

"What did he say?" he asked.

"He was interpreting your speech to them," replied the Chairman gravely.

lation  
system  
anger-  
firms.  
live"  
avoid  
ppor-  
and re-  
mar-  
means  
t and  
ension  
system.

he fi-  
l bor-  
ce of  
profits  
e in a  
itably

a na-  
ion is  
mands  
taxes  
ending  
ossible  
g our  
cent-

h the  
n the  
s per-  
ar re-  
ng an-  
ances.  
points

is ar-  
out.  
offer  
ppor-  
atory

d this  
can  
eased  
edom  
elated  
d lets

etely,  
larger  
ur re-

if the  
ers to  
advo-  
other  
task.

e na-  
of-the  
poli-  
beral

s Mc-  
e con-  
and  
policy  
n the

. But  
over,  
ill be

# The Judges of Christ

## CAIPHAS

By ALFRED DUFFY, C.P.

WHEN Jesus Christ stood before the tomb of His friend Lazarus, He knew well the cost of the action He was about to perform. He would rejoice the hearts of His intimates, Martha and Mary, by restoring to them alive and well their brother whose body now lay lifeless behind the closed door of the sepulcher. He would receive the plaudits of the multitude aroused to new heights of enthusiasm by this manifestation of His tremendous power. He would add to the number of those who believed in Him. But He realized fully that this miracle would set in motion a train of circumstances that would end with His own death on a cross. Yet He, the Master of life, spoke omnipotent words, "Lazarus, come forth!"

"And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding bands: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said to them: Loose him and let him go. Many therefore of the Jews, who were come to Mary and Martha, and had seen the things that Jesus did, believed in Him. But some of them went to the Pharisees, and told them the things that Jesus had done."

The enemies of Christ among the Pharisees were filled with consternation. They knew how this miracle would add to the prestige of the Galilean, how the story of it would be told and repeated in thousands of homes, and they pictured how the fame and power of Him whom they regarded as a personal foe would increase a hundredfold. Something must be done, and done immediately, to end the career of this Man from Galilee. Public action must be taken, a way must be found to discredit this Nazarene forever.

The Pharisees realized that alone they could accomplish little in their plans to discredit Christ. The failure of their former petty plots to ensnare Him in

speech, even their bolder effort to have Him stoned to death, had not only proved futile, but they themselves had lost prestige among the people by the effortless ease with which their hated enemy had turned these ventures into occasions for their own personal confusion and defeat. In this instance they must seek the aid of the high priest and that of the Sadducees.

Caiphas, the high priest, when approached on the matter, seemed more than anxious to co-operate in any effort that might put a stop to the activities of Jesus of Nazareth. He promised the Pharisees that he would call a meeting of the Sanhedrin to discuss what could be done to accomplish the defeat of Christ. This promise was not an idle one; it had not been given simply to get rid of the Pharisees; it was not permitted to remain merely a vain expression of words. The meeting of the Sanhedrin was called immediately. This assembly was held about six weeks before the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Tradition has fixed the place of the gathering as the home of Caiphas in the suburbs of Jerusalem.

The Sanhedrin in the time of Christ was a sort of senate or superior national assembly possessing considerable authority in the administration of the country's internal affairs and holding jurisdiction in religious matters over the whole Jewish world. Its powers were extensive even under Roman domination, including civil and religious cases of some importance. It was the high court of justice



Woodcut by James Reid

Christ, with Martha and Mary, at Lazarus' tomb

and could pronounce even the death sentence, which, however, required the governor's formal authorization to be carried out. Membership in this body was composed of the chief priests, the leading members of the sacerdotal aristocracy; the doctors of the law; and the ancients or notables representing the civil aristocracy. The high priest was the official president of this triple body, which ordinarily met in one of the auxiliary buildings of the temple.

The meeting of the Great Council held in Caiphas' villa was called to order by the high priest himself. The question to be discussed was clear-cut and definite, "what do we, for this man doth many miracles? If we let Him alone so, all will believe in Him; and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation." The Pharisees present at the session, at least most of them, were decidedly antagonistic to Christ. Their animosity was basically religious. He taught a doctrine prejudicial to theirs. He excoriated their manner of life and openly rebuked them. He was alienating the masses from the servile deference they had always given their religious teachers in days gone by. They reasoned if His influence were allowed to grow the foundation of their sect would be undermined and their position in the nation ruined. The Nazarene must be crushed.

The second of a series on the Passion in which the background is given and the actors assembled for the trial of Christ

The Sadducees in attendance opposed Christ, but their opposition rested more on political and mercenary lines. Their party in the Jewish commonwealth was built upon the actual presence of a foreign power in the nation, and its continuance in being depended on the Romans. If the common people were permitted to rally around the standard of this prophet from Galilee, to proclaim Him the Messiah, to start a social or religious revolution, they knew with what drastic efficiency Rome would act. The iron hand of Caesar would blot Israel out of existence, and their place would be no more. Far better to be in authority even under the yoke of a conqueror than to be chained slaves in Roman galleys.

The ministry of Christ also affected the Sadducees from the financial viewpoint. They controlled the trade in the temple, and the enormous revenues accumulated in granting permission to operate booths would be lost. Twice already this Nazarene had driven the dealers from their stalls. If His conduct were allowed to continue even Rome would step in, quell disturbances, and put an end to their lucrative granting of concessions. They were determined that the Galilean be done away with by fair means or foul.

In spite of the mutual hatred existing against Christ, notwithstanding the fact that expediency demanded a united front against a common foe, there was present at the assembly an adverse minority, possibly a few followers of Jesus, or others who proposed less severe measures than those under discussion. They could not help reflecting on the words spoken at the beginning of the meeting, "this man hath done many miracles." Perhaps unconsciously the words of the blind man whom Christ had cured on a certain Sabbath were returning to their memory, haunting them. On that occasion they had heard their fellow Pharisees testify, "We know that this man is a sinner . . . we know that God spoke to Moses: but as to this man, we know not from whence he is." And the unanswerable reply had come from the beggar, "If he be a sinner I know not: one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see . . . why, herein is a wonderful thing, that you know not from whence he is, and he hath opened my eyes. Now we know that God doth not hear sinners. But if a man be a server of God and doth His will, him He heareth. From the beginning of the world it hath not been heard that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind. Unless this man were of God, he could not do anything." Then they could not avoid the crushing logic of these words and now here they were in secret session admitting miracles and asked to condemn a man because He could raise the dead to life.

This element in the council could not quite stomach official murder, even in the attractive guise of saving their own place and the nation. They remembered the rebukes given their sect by Christ, public rebuke, attendant with loss of dignity, but their consciences still burned with a small flame, and their minds not thoroughly dead to grace, were forced to admit at least that this man from Nazareth was fearless, that He asked no favors from them, that He spoke solemn denunciation of their conduct. What if He were right? if He were from God? if He were God!

But Caiphas was speaking. Evidently the high priest had no such scruples, but was brutally frank as usual, contemptuous of anyone whose opinion differed from his own. Years in office had given him little dignity—culture and refinement were glaringly absent. His was the crudeness of power purchased at a price, and the relentlessness of ambition threatened by one who worked miracles, even raising dead men to life. He was arrogant and uncouth, and his limited intelligence was in marked contrast to his haughty manner and his evident enjoyment of the dignity of his exalted office.

Caiphas evidenced little tact or diplomacy in his language. "You know nothing," he said, "neither do you consider that it is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." No halfway measures for the high priest. Not imprisonment, not banishment from Judea, but death alone was his verdict. Small consideration was given the fact that justice forbade punishing a just man, that a condemned man should have a hearing, that witnesses should testify for and against him. But the words of the President of the Sanhedrin found a responsive approbation in the minds of the majority. Jesus of Nazareth must die. So it was decreed, and "from that day therefore they devised to put him to death."

The carrying out of the decree of the Sanhedrin was another matter. That was left to the ingenuity of Caiphas, slyly counseled by his father-in-law, Annas.

But Jesus had other plans for the next few weeks. Only when He had finished the work given by His Father would He allow the machinations of His enemies to be successful. St. John tells us in his gospel, "Wherefore Jesus walked no more openly among the Jews; but He went into a country near the desert, unto a city that is called Ephrem, and there He abode with His disciples."

The feast of the Passover was near at hand, pilgrims were flocking to Jerusalem from near and far to celebrate the sacred ceremonies. Early arrivals in the holy city "sought for Jesus; and they discoursed one with another, standing in the temple. What think you that He is not come to the festival day? But these pilgrims need not have worried. Jesus was on His way to Jerusalem. His disciples feared for His safety but the Master seemed calm and undisturbed, He actually told them what was in store for Him: "Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of man shall be betrayed to the chief priests and to the scribes and ancients, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles. And they shall mock him and spit upon him and scourge him and kill him; and the third day he shall rise again."

Caiphas might give his orders "that if any knew where he was, he should tell, that they might apprehend him," but his spies and informers accomplished nothing. In His own good time Jesus Christ would arrive in Jerusalem, He would walk openly in the city, teach in the temple, work His miracles within the domain of His enemies, refute their questionings, expose them to the ridicule of the people. And then when His work was done, when all the prophecies about His ministry had been fulfilled, He would permit Caiphas and his cohorts to have their moment of triumph, when the verdict of the Sanhedrin, that one man should die for the people, would become a reality. Meanwhile He would let them fret and fume, while they, blind leaders of the blind, worked toward their awful destiny, deicide.

## Power of Silver

► One day a rich but miserly man came to a rabbi. The rabbi led him to a window and told him to look outside.

"What do you see?" asked the rabbi.

"People," answered the rich miser.

Then the rabbi led him to a mirror and asked: "What do you see now?"

"I see myself," was the answer.

The rabbi said: "Behold, in the window there is glass, and in the mirror there is glass. But the glass of the mirror is covered with a little silver, and no sooner is a little silver added than you cease to see others and see only yourself."

—Our Sunday Visitor



e next  
inished  
uld He  
emies  
in his  
ed no  
ut He  
t, unto  
there

hear at  
Jerusa-  
te the  
in the  
ey dis-  
ing in  
He is  
t these  
Jesus  
s disci-  
Master  
e actu-  
re for  
salem,  
yed to  
es and  
him to  
e Gen-  
id spit  
l him;  
ain."

that if  
d tell,  
out his  
noth-  
Christ  
would  
n the  
he do-  
ques-  
ule of  
rk was  
ut His  
would  
o have  
e ver-  
man  
become  
them  
eaders  
awful

# Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL  
ON MATTERS OF GREAT  
OR LITTLE MOMENT

## Music Hath Charms

► *THERE ARE at least two New Yorkers who aren't always in a hurry, according to the following items, printed in the "New York Herald Tribune":*

The cheeriest subway guard in the city is on duty at evening rush hour on the uptown platform of the I.R.T. Grand Central Station. He is a muscled Negro with the build of a fullback, but he uses a lullaby technique. "Just take your time," he chants, soft and low. "Plenty—plenty of time. Just stand in the doorway and enjoy yourselves. All seats reserved for those that gets them first." Savage Bronxites relax, homicidal impulses nod and sleep, passengers grin and look around and discover that the person next to them, who apparently had been attempting to tear out several vertebrae, is not a maniac but a more or less human being. . . .

A recent item here about the singing subway guard at the I.R.T. Grand Central Station has prompted a contributor to report that there is a singing motorman on a Broadway streetcar, who takes his job nice and easy and gets there just as fast as motormen whom life has made grim and neurotic. The singing motorman, tall and elderly, goes in for Irish songs—"Kathleen Mavourneen," "Mother Machree"—but when he reaches Fiftieth Street he switches to a composition of his own, in a melancholy minor key. "Change here, anybody, everybody. Change for subway, crosstown, buses, change, change, change." He makes it sound like a lament for every weary traveler in the world.

## The Female View

► *SPORTS WRITERS in service needn't worry about getting their jobs back, if the following story is typical of women's coverage of the sports world. By Stanley Frank and Paul Sann in the "Saturday Evening Post":*

The management of the Shelby, North Carolina, *Daily Star*, having been given proper pause by the pitfalls lurking in New York to ensnare a Southern belle fresh out of college, finally decided the cause of journalism had to be served by sending Miss Catherine Bailey, the new sports editor, to report the World Series last October. Miss Bailey was given an expense account, an admonition to be good, and a warning against wolves, whereupon the management pointed her northward and sat back to await its lady expert's interpretation of baseball and the queer customs of the natives.

A crowd of 68,676, including Shelby's championship Junior Legion team, presently saw the first series game, but Miss Bailey sent her paper no dispatch. The following day, Morton and Walker Cooper, the Cardinals' brother battery, defeated the Yankees a few hours after they had learned of their father's death, a dramatic situation supposedly made to order for the tender touch of a lady chronicler. Still no word from Bailey.

Holt McPherson, managing editor of the *Star*, began to

think of the several fates, some worse than death, that might have befallen his representative, and got on the long-distance telephone. After several hours, he finally located Miss Bailey with unmistakable sounds of revelry in the background. With the charm and courtesy characteristic of the old South, McPherson asked what the hell, what about the stories.

"Why, Mister Mac," Miss Bailey said coyly, "there hasn't a thing happened worth writing about."

## 2-Way Protection

► *A CHEMICAL which serves a double purpose for fliers downed at sea is described in "Knickerbocker Weekly":*

Netherlands fliers in action off the coast of Australia carry a new chemical which—in case they are forced down at sea—serves the double purpose of warding off attacks by sharks and enabling rescue fliers to spot them easily.

The airmen carry the powdered chemical sewn into the pockets of a canvas or linen belt. When the belt becomes saturated, the chemical mixes with the sea water to form an ever-widening liquid protective wall with a distinctive color which pinpoints the downed flier for the benefit of rescuers. The shark repellent powder has been in use for some time, it was disclosed, but the addition of certain colored components which facilitate rescue work is a recent discovery.

## Drunken Cats

► *IN AN EFFORT to discover what causes chronic alcoholism, Dr. Jules H. Masserman, University of Chicago psychiatrist, conducted the following experiment on a group of cats. Reported in "Newsweek":*

In an automatically controlled apparatus, Masserman and his associates, K. S. Yum, Mary R. Nicholson, and S. Lee, first trained sixteen cats to open the hinged lid of a food box for, single pellets of food. Next the cats were conditioned to feeding only after a bell-and-light signal. Finally they learned to manipulate a switch to ring the bell and flash the light themselves, thus producing their own feeding signals.

At the next stage, the experimenters injected alcohol into the cats. They became excited or groggy. "Instead of shuttling efficiently between the switch and the food box," reported Masserman, "intoxicated animals would hesitate and wander about. . . . After a feeding signal given by the experimenter, an animal would open the box, but then shut it again and circle one or more times toward the switch before taking food . . . or even sit on it." At last the cats retained only their primitive feeding reactions.

At this point the psychiatrists set out to make the cats neurotic. On two to three successive days, exactly at feeding time, the animals were subjected to air blasts and electric shocks. Torn between fear and hunger, the animals developed typical signs of anxiety behavior: enlarged pupils, raising of

hair, rapid heart action, and inhibitions. But when the cats were given alcohol, their reactions softened and the neuroses temporarily were relieved.

As a final step in the experiment, the neurotic cats were given a daily series of two choices of diet: They could choose either plain milk or milk to which 5 per cent of grain alcohol had been added. At first, fourteen of the sixteen animals chose plain milk. But in from 4 to 27 days, ten of the sixteen neurotic cats began to prefer the milk punch to an increasing degree. Eight of them soon learned to select and empty the cocktail-shaped glasses in which it was placed.

### Pocket Libraries

► IMAGINE CARRYING a library around in your pocket! That's what microfilm will make possible after the war, says Francis Lowell in "This Week":

When the London *Daily Mail* recently started a transatlantic edition using the same principle as V-mail, it was just a hint of things to come. The *Daily Mail* assembles its edition in London, photographs it on microfilm, flies it to New York, and reproduces it full-size. After the war, all sorts of reading matter will move around in postage-stamp size. By the use of microfilm, which compresses wordage to one per cent or even less its original area and then permits you to bring it back to full readability again, you will be able to carry a fair-sized library around in your pocket—or to send it anywhere in the world. . . .

You will soon hear of Readex. Albert Boni, the publisher, reproduces microfilm on paper. A single sheet of glossy paper, six inches by nine, contains on its two sides all the material in a 200-page book. All that is necessary to read it is to place it in a Readex machine, where it is magnified. Readex buyers will be able to assemble a library of expensive reference books at five cents per volume. A 24,000-page encyclopedia such as the *Britannica* could be manufactured for three dollars.

### Remembered Too Late

► THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT is taken from an article in the "Etude" by the late Dr. Paul Stefan, biographer of Franz Schubert:

Go into the average group of business men and ask them who Franz Schubert was and they will probably answer, variously, "He was the song composer." . . . "He was the one who wrote the 'Unfinished Symphony.'" . . . "He was the hero of the operetta, 'Blossom Time' (in England it is known as 'Lilac Time')." They have no real conception or knowledge of his great importance in the life of today. They do not realize that many of the most beautiful melodies that they hear over the radio and in the movie theater, probably first sprung into existence in Schubert's imagination while he sat in a little wine garden at Grünzing on the outskirts of Vienna. . . .

His compositions were miserably paid for by publishers in Vienna and elsewhere. An anecdote, which unfortunately is true, relates how a foreign musician once visited a Viennese publisher. At the same time, a shy person entered the shop holding a piece of music. But the publisher said merely, "No, not today." And he told the stranger, "That is Schubert. He comes nearly every day to offer me a song for one Guilder." (Not quite a dollar.) "But I cannot publish so much."

Schubert was often hungry. He died of typhus, but it is almost certain that the illness would have taken a lighter form if a normally nourished body had been able to resist it.

The official inventory of Schubert's effects sounds shocking.

After itemizing the pitiable possessions, we read, "Apart from some old music, valued at ten Gulden (less than ten dollars) the deceased left nothing." And the entire estate was valued at sixty-three Gulden, in contrast to which the expenses of sickness and burial amounted to two hundred sixty-nine Gulden. His surviving father paid the rest. So far as the "old music" was concerned, this consisted of manuscripts of about five-sixths of Schubert's works, which today merely as autographs would be of incalculable worth.

### Patriot Seorn

► THE FOLLOWING, by L. H. R. in the "New York Times Magazine," indicates the attitude of the Danes and the Austrians toward their Nazi conqueror:

The humorless Nazi bullies can't stop the ridicule of their victims. Austrian patriots say: "The Fuehrer died, and as his coffin was being lowered into the grave it had to be raised twenty times, there was so much applause." They have a new definition of high treason: "To remember a speech of Hitler's for longer than three months." Concerning postage stamps bearing likenesses of Hitler and Mussolini, the Viennese remark: "They don't stick very well. You see, people will spit on the wrong side."

And the Danes tell this one: A Jutland farmer, when asked, "Are there many Nazis in your parish?" answered, "Oh, I suppose about fifteen minutes' work once we got started."

### Strange, but Swell!

► THE AMAZEMENT of an Englishman, Ronald Collier, at us Americans at war, is recorded in the "American Mercury." A selection from his observations:

Most of them seem to regard the world war as something akin to the world series in which they are represented by a team (the best, of course!) to which they will readily offer vocal, moral, and even certain financial support while in no way participating in the business themselves. Repercussions of the play tending to incommode the spectators are unanimously frowned upon.

Thus, restaurant patrons will darkly discuss "food shortage" (which means steak and beef are off) as they plough through menus that would have made tantalizing newspaper serials for most people in Europe at any time in the past four years. Similarly, motorists brood upon gasoline shortage and rubber restrictions as they bowl along roads which give the newly arrived Briton the impression of being black with eighty horsepower motor-cars. Again, Sunday newspapers—so vast and weighty that no person could carry home half a dozen of them without assistance and which I defy any human being to read in twenty-four hours—solemnly warn readers that the nation is in the midst of a newspaper famine and urge all to redouble their salvage efforts. . . .

Intramural activities of all citizens appear to be governed primarily by temperature. The unfortunate, unacclimatized alien promptly finds himself in an atmospheric dilemma. He faces, in wintertime, frostbite on the streets or the prospect of being parboiled in the home. Should he choose the second alternative he will soon discover that his host finds nothing inconsistent about dwelling on the subject of fuel shortage, stepping up the temperature of the central-heating system, removing his coat because he is too warm and finally resorting to quarts of icewater in a desperate endeavor to combat the ferocious heat. . . .

I wish I understood the Americans. I hope I shall one day. Meanwhile, I think they're—swell.

'Apart  
an ten  
estate  
ch the  
undred  
So far  
manu-  
today

Times  
and the

of their  
at as his  
raised  
a new  
Hitler's  
stamps  
ennese  
le will

when  
answered,  
we got

r, at us  
ury." A

nothing  
ed by a  
ly offer  
e in no  
ussions  
unani-

ortage"  
through  
serials  
r years.  
nd rub-  
ive the  
ck with  
papers-  
half a  
human  
ers that  
nd urge

governed  
matized  
ma. He  
prospect  
second  
nothing  
mortgage,  
system,  
resort-  
combat

one day.

# Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## Chorus on Shirts

SOME YEARS AGO—quite a number of them, in fact—Thomas Hood wrote a poem which is still much quoted, "The Song of the Shirt." It was a very doleful affair, with a whining rhythm and a tragic plot, and it served to exploit the evils of the working conditions in the England of his day.

Lately I have had a considerable amount of letters, all of which are, in one way or another, prose songs of the shirt, but they have a very different basic theme and a much happier viewpoint than did the poet Hood. It all came about because of an editorial on this page some months back, regarding the remarkable ability and stamina of a woman who took full care of one grown and four young males, cooked large meals for them, sang at meetings on five minutes' notice, washed and cleaned and so forth, and in the evening was able with not any unusual exertion to iron twenty-two shirts. My point was that the whole thing was pretty silly—that supergallant ending to her day, and also that the author of the story (for it was decidedly fiction) was laying on too thickly the virtuous and loving labor of her heroine. For that many shirts would take, at fifteen or twenty minutes per shirt, a good many hours, and it would be midnight before she finished.

## Question of Time

I HAD MEANT only to point out the absurdity of the amount of shirts to be done in that time and at that time, and to overdoing and making seem idiotic the really wonderful theme of a good wife and mother who put love and devotion into her work. I did not realize that my readers, after agreeing with my main theme, would dissent vigorously from my estimate of how long it took to iron a shirt! One reader from Illinois, with nine children, six of them boys, certainly should have an opinion to listen to. The laundry man, she writes, may spend from fifteen to twenty minutes on a shirt if he likes. It is his business and he is paid for it. But a mother finds a way to do it in less time than that. "Don't ask me how," she adds. "It's a gift I'm sure that comes with motherhood." After some interesting paragraphs on prayer and grace she came right back at the end of her letter to the shirts: "Twenty minutes for one shirt? Silly."

One letter from a woman with seven children told me that you could do a shirt in five minutes—"after you get the knack." Another says she sends hers to the laundry and saves the money some other way, but ten minutes is all it ever ought to take. Another wants to know how any housewife worth the name ever let twenty-two dirty shirts pile up on her, anyway.

Now I spoke, perhaps, with not enough experience. My family's shirts, too, went to the laundry, and, too, my family was fairly small. But I can keep house all right and I am a fast worker—faster than ever now since the laundry comes only once a month. I have only two loves in housework—

one is cooking and the other is ironing. Both are in a way creative and show results if you work hard. So I felt I really knew what I was talking about when I put a time limit on the ironing of a shirt. It takes me fifteen to twenty minutes, I am sorry to say, and I cannot enter the really elite ranks of ironers. I bow to my more speedy colleagues.

One delightful letter from a Louisville reader told me that the story I referred to had actually been put on the radio, and acted by a movie star who had several husbands and large estates, but no child and no housework, she was certain. "She toils not, neither does she spin," she wrote. "I chuckled when I listened, but when she folded up the ironing board and took her toddler in one hand and her music in the other and went to the Woman's Club to sing I broke into loud, unladylike guffaws. I know something of toddlers, having had six, and their ways are unpredictable, but it is safe to say that the best toddler that ever lived could not be pried loose from mother's hand, and she would have to render her solo with toddler staring wild-eyed at the audience or shrieking with her." My correspondent went on to say that she had read another story something like this one a while ago, about a woman who had spent all day working hard and was also suddenly asked to fill in with some singing at a party. She found she had nothing to wear—and my correspondent admitted this part of the story might well be true so far as mothers are concerned. This one, however, sat down at her sewing machine and ran up a charming little number right off. "How easy it is to run up a dress on the typewriter," wrote the mother from Louisville a bit enviously.

## A Further Question

THIS SAME WRITER also wants to know the facts on something that has long fascinated her: How can one of these clever ladies of magazine articles take "a can of paint, some brass-headed nails, two dollars and sixty cents worth of cretonne, and turn the most sordid room into one of startling beauty?" Usually all they have to use their skill on is an old hatrack and a chair with a concave seat. My writer frankly confesses that she would call the Holy Name Mission to come and haul them away quickly.

While still on the subject of fiction versus fact, I would like to mention those recipes which end "generous portions for six to eight" or "this will serve four amply." A half pound of meat or four frankfurters for four people—a dessert of powder in a package and a pint of milk providing four to six servings—that is the sort of thing I mean. Now mine is not a family of inordinate eaters, but I can fancy their faces if I ever told them one small meat cake was an ample serving or the bowl of pudding would do for four. Where are these wonderful families for whom such portions are ample or generous? I'll tell you where they are; they live only in magazines. And, if they actually do exist anywhere, they must be the offspring of the woman who ironed twenty-two shirts as a little chore for an evening.



# Lao-Yeh

By HAROLD TRAVERS, C.P.

"**A** IYA! Aiya! Old Man, Old Man of Heaven—wake up and open the door! Aiya, Lao-Yeh! T'ien-Lao-Yeh, Aiya!"

"Say, Father, the little fellow we accepted today is outside the office door crying his heart out. It's nearly midnight. I wonder if he is scared!" So said Father Bonaventure, after waking me from a sound sleep.

"Yes, I can hear him now. I'll be right with you."

"Aiya! T'ien-Lao-Yeh! Aiya!"

"What's the matter *shiao-tih*? What in the world are you crying for at the door at this time of the night—are you afraid to stay in your new home? There are no devils here, you know."

"No, Lao-Yeh. Aiya, Aiyo! I've got an awful pain in my stomach—give me some medicine, please!"

"There now, take this, little son," said I, giving him some cholera drops. "Sit down there until the pain has eased up a bit."

This little lad had only that day been brought to the Mission by one of the elders of a town twenty miles distant from us. His mother and father had both died in a cholera epidemic a few months before, and he had been going through that town daily, on his own, begging for his rice—unkempt, unwashed, and uncared for. He looked like a little beggar. Undernourished, he was just a bundle of skin and bones. We had given him in charge of the captain of one of the groups, and suggested he see that this new addition to our family of over ninety be given a good scrubbing; that some old but clean clothes be procured for him and his own tattered and soiled clothing burned; and then, to find him a place at one of the tables in the dining-room. This latter was an easy matter since the dining-room comfortably seated ninety-six boys. And now, a stomach-ache! Surely, he must have packed the rice into one solid mass within himself.

"All right now, little son, I'll take you back to the dormitory. The yard is dark, but you needn't be afraid. Your companions aren't afraid of the pagan devils any more. They all know about the good God in Heaven and His holy angels; they know that each one has his own

Guardian Angel always by his side, even in the dark. Now, go to bed and have a good sleep. God bless you!"

And so to bed. Scarcely two hours later, though it seemed hardly two minutes, my good companion again awakened me. "That little 'old-man' is at the door again—crying, but this time not so heart-breakingly."

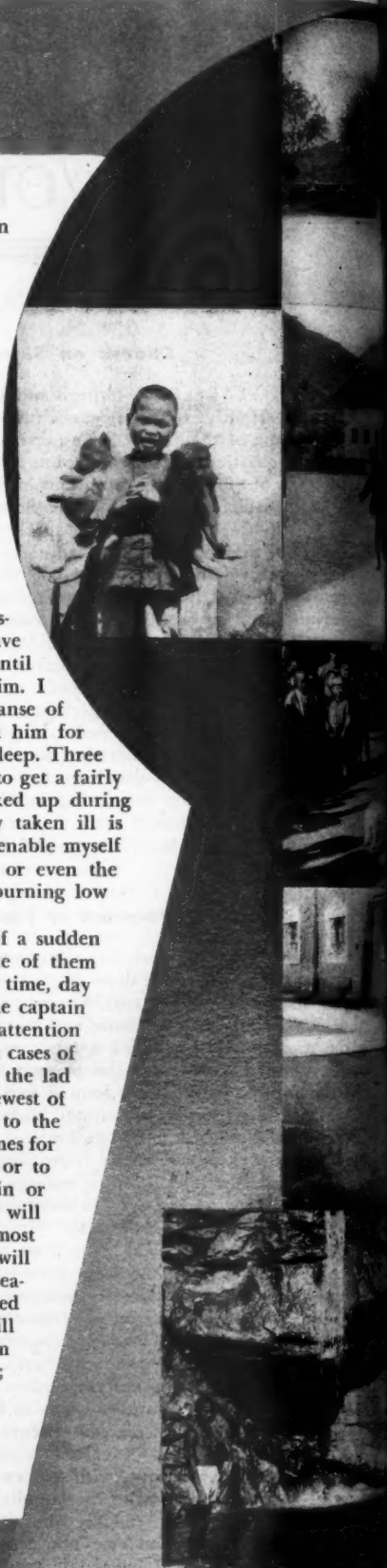
"What's wrong now, little son?"

"Aiya, Lao-Yeh, it's aching again! That medicine helped me before, can you give me some more of it?"

Well, I could and I did. This time, however, I was determined to get down to the particulars of that pain. From the description of it and the answers given to my more pointed and intimate questions, I decided our little friend would have to go without his rice today. That is, until supper time. I was going to "worm" him. I returned him across the wide, dark expanse of the yard to his bed, and remained with him for only a few minutes, until he had fallen asleep. Three hours until rising-time. I should be able to get a fairly decent sleep in three hours. To be waked up during the night to care for someone suddenly taken ill is not a new thing, so to save time and to enable myself to find quickly the necessary medicines or even the holy oils, I have always kept a lantern burning low beside my bed.

It is understood by all the boys that if a sudden illness or accident should befall any one of them he is free to come to the Director at any time, day or night, for medicine and treatment. The captain of each group is warned to pay particular attention to this matter, and he is obliged to report cases of illness within his group, especially when the lad is afraid to come himself. So, even the newest of our orphans does not hesitate to come to the Director's office outside of the ordinary times for the dispensing of medicines and salves, or to wake him up to obtain relief from pain or illness. This new member of "Our Gang" will soon find out that his companions are most solicitous for his welfare. His captain will see that he gets his full share of fruit, peanuts, or raw dough-cakes which are passed out to them on occasion. When he is ill they will bring him his rice; sit with him during the recreation period; bathe him; administer his medicines; and, if need be, watch throughout the long nights in vigil by his cot.

Usually there are several boys, separated from the others, living in the



Our readers hold the key to the door of Our Lady's Orphanage.

A "key-hole peek" would have been wonderful enough for little Lao-Yeh; but he taken inside and made one of "the gang" was something beyond his dream.

infirmary. Most of these are tubercular. They are given special food, and are dispensed from the regular routine of the Orphanage.

A few years ago we could easily obtain cod-liver oil, and we used plenty of it with good results. Before the Japanese took Hankow we could buy this precious oil for about five dollars (National Currency) per pint bottle. Now, two hundred dollars will not buy a bottle of the "fake" cod-liver oil which is for sale in some Chinese drug stores. Fortunately, I managed to stock up on this liquid gold before the invasion, but I have had to use it sparingly.

Though cholera has ravaged the countryside, and wrought havoc on the streets in the city almost every summer for the past six years, we have been singularly blessed in not having had even one case of that dread disease among us. Dysentery, too, has taken its awful toll from among the inhabitants of this and the surrounding cities. But those of the orphans who, perhaps through carelessness, contracted this disease (usually during my annual visit to the Central Mission) all have regained their health after a prolonged period of suffering. Last year measles claimed children from almost every household in the city. But the few cases we had were immediately segregated and with good results. The townspeople marveled at the fact that we had so many children and had lost none of them. Until now, the only deaths at the Orphanage within the last six years have been from tuberculosis.

Our new orphan was up very early the next morning. Out there in the yard with a crowd of boys around him he was telling them his experiences of the night before. I could hear some of them already addressing him as *Lao-Yeh*. The nickname he had brought upon himself would stick. He had been waked up at five-thirty by the sound of the first bell, which, because of the scarcity and cost of alarm clocks, I was wont to ring myself. A continuation of the first bell is taken up by one of the orphans in the dormitory, who walks up and down the aisles along the rows of beds ringing the bell until all awake. After attending to their morning ablutions the orphans have nearly a half hour for recreation until the second bell—time for Mass.

From my vantage point at the office door I could see that *Lao-Yeh* (as we shall now call him—though he has since received Holy Baptism and has a fine Christian name) was a bit uncomfortable under the barrage of questions being fired at him.

I called him over to me and after asking him if he had slept well during the remainder of the night, I urged him to take "this tiny white pill," the while admonishing him to forego his breakfast, and that under no circumstances should he partake of food until three o'clock, at which time he must come to me for a glassful of nice epsom salts. Then, with a warning to the captain to see that the lad did as I had told him, I headed churchward.

Our little friend was now to get his first glimpse of the interior of the church—to see the priest at the altar, and to pray with his new companions for half an hour. What an experience for Lao-Yeh! How he must have spent that half-hour gazing around in awe—at the crucifix, at the pictures of Our Lord and Our Blessed Lady; and how bewildered he must have been by the prayers then being chanted by his companions. It was the Rosary, for it is our custom to recite this prayer daily for the benefactors of Our Lady's Orphanage.

The Mass finished, Mr. Liou, the Prefect of Discipline, gives the signal, the boys leave their places and stand by the benches for another signal to genuflect in unison, and then leave the church in orderly file. Lined up along the walk outside, the orphans wait while I give Lao-Yeh into Mr. Liou's keeping and tell him to see that the child is placed in one of the groups. There are twelve complete groups of eight boys each, and he is added on to the last group of small boys, thus making nine.

This morning he will have to get his bearings—merely look on to get into the swing of things. All the schoolboy orphans are wielding brooms, mops, and dustcloths for the half-hour before the morning session of school. If Lao-Yeh looks closely he will see that his own group is sweeping a section of the walk in front of the school. He is not asked to help out today, but tomorrow he will take his place.

Lao-Yeh has been placed with the first-graders. All this is new to him. Heretofore, he had been as free as a bird—his time was all his own. But now begins the routine of school life and the first stage of his systematic education. He had

You keep the door unlocked, and we'll keep it open for the "Lao-Yeh"

probably seen a one-room school in the country, but never a school on such a grand scale and with so many schoolboys. Later he will come around for schoolbooks, note-books, brush, ink, and ink-stone.

The war having given the impetus, education is the thing in China at the present time. Open more schools; keep them open at all costs; educate the youth of China—China's youth will be China's salvation! One hears these and other like expressions throughout the daily exhortations given by the teachers to the assembled schoolboys. And because the education of the youth is considered most necessary for the future rehabilitation of the country, China's teachers will be the very last to be called upon to fight the Japs. Soon, Lao-Yeh will have so imbibed this spirit that he will give every spare moment to his writing lessons and his books.

The morning session ended, the orphans are crossing the yard to the refectory, Lao-Yeh at the head of the line. Will he go in with them for breakfast? Has he already forgotten my admonition? Maybe, but his captain hasn't. A tap on the shoulder and a few words, and Lao steps out of the line and stands at the door to let the others pass him. Today, he watches them from the outside through the latticed windows. He can see the warm vegetables in the several bowls on the tables, and the boys coming back from the rice tray with their heaped-up bowls of steaming rice. He can see them finish off bowlful after bowlful while he stands outside, hunger gnawing at the walls of his stomach. I do feel sorry for the child, though I know he'll be better off for what he is now enduring. "He'll have a whale of an appetite when he gets rid of the worms," thought I.

Breakfast over, the orphans—schoolboys and apprentices—have catechism and Bible history class in the school. After this the apprentices go back to the shops until noon, while all the schoolboys likewise head in the same direction for the required one hour's work in the shops. But Lao-Yeh has been dispensed from school and work for the rest of the day and he is free to wander around to look on and get acquainted.

Apparently he hasn't forgotten that the Director has told him to come around for more medicine. Since the noon recreation he has stayed pretty close to the office door, and several times I have heard him ask one of his companions the time. At five minutes to three, just as I had told him that morning, the captain, having quit his work for the purpose, brings Lao-Yeh in for his salts. Poor Lao-Yeh, I feel more sorry for him now than I did when he came around at midnight with a stomach

ache; for of all the medicines we dispense to the sick, I think epsom salts is the most evil tasting. I could almost taste the stuff myself while I pleaded with him to drink it down fast, and not to sip it. Such a noble effort deserved a reward, and Lao-Yeh got it immediately. A cup-cake, just baked and still warm. That expression of disgust on the youth's face quickly changed to the grandest smile of delight and utmost satisfaction as soon as he bit into the sweet pastry. With beaming countenance Lao-Yeh thanked me and departed.

**On June 13 a cablegram brought the sad news of the death of Father Denis Fogarty, Passionist missionary in China. At this writing no details of his death are known.**

**Father Denis was a remarkable missionary. His thirteen years of missionary life is a saga of hard work in the rugged hills of Hunan. Father Denis was versatile. He was a builder, an engineer, and an architect. Hardly a building has been erected in our Passionist Missions, since his coming to China, that he did not build, or for which he did not draw the plans.**

**The war multiplied and intensified his labors. When 50 million Chinese refugees were driven at bayonet end into the far hinterland of China, Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara called upon his priests and Sisters to go all-out for the relief of human misery. Father Denis rose to the occasion magnificently. He figured prominently in the building of about thirteen refugee camps, two large hospitals, and many dispensaries.**

**Father Denis was a tower of physical strength. The Chinese used to call him "The Strong Man." But the human body has its limitations. The heat and toil of the day, intensified and under frightful pressure, takes its toll. He suffered from killing dysentery of long standing. All this during wartime, amid bombings, invasion, and destruction. He had a huge, human heart. Amid suffering, he suffered; where there was sorrow, he wept. When the Japanese for the third time robbed China of her "rice bowl," he pulled in his belt, with the remark: "That means a half-bowl of rice for us."**

**Father Denis was a man of God. He saw, in the destruction and depredation of our Missions in China, the Passiontide of the Missions. Like Christ, he was willing to suffer a Passion and Death for the final Resurrection of the cause of Christ. No doubt, as he offered his life together with Christ for the missions, he has sanctified his death in Christ for the same glorious cause. May his soul rest in peace.**

Supper time found Lao-Yeh waiting to join his companions. This time he is again at the head of the line, but no one stops him at the door. He intends to have one grand meal, to fill in all the empty spaces.

Lao-Yeh has retired for the night. His day of fasting topped off with a good supper, he is sleeping soundly and contentedly after a truly wondrous day. Now a schoolboy with his own brush, ink, and books, perhaps some day he will learn a trade or even be sent to high school. Time will reveal all these things to Lao-Yeh. He'll want to be like the rest of his companions. He'll be an outsider for a long time, and he will feel it until having thoroughly learned his catechism and in other respects shown that he is worthy to be baptized and given a Christian name. Then, and not until then, will he truly feel at home and be one of "the gang."

In the meantime he will gradually learn to respect his teachers, his Prefect, and the Reverend Father Director. He will learn to bow before and after he addresses his teachers and others in authority. He will accept things with both hands, and never will he proffer something to another with only one hand. He will always be sure to say "Thank you" when something is done for him or given to him. He will find the customs and the regulations of the Orphanage fairly easy to observe, but should he fail he must willingly accept the punishment meted out to him by his duly elected officers. If, after he has reached an age when he might somehow easily obtain his rice outside, he should become incorrigible, then for the good of all the orphans he will be dismissed.

He will have every opportunity to acquire an education and to learn a self-supporting trade, at the completion of which he will leave the Orphanage prepared to earn his own livelihood, and to carry on as a respected member of the community. Tradesmen and businessmen will be eager to employ him because he has acquired self-discipline through his years of training and the observance of the rules of his Faith. Yes, they want men with a sense of responsibility and a conscience.

Lao-Yeh, the beggar—the orphan, who on his very first day in Our Lady's Orphanage, in a pagan way called upon the "Old Man of Heaven," now adores and serves the God of Heaven and Earth. Being still one of God's "little ones," with his companions he storms heaven daily with his prayers for those who have made all this possible for him. And our Lady, who has a special love for these "little ones," her orphans, will look kindly upon him and heed the prayers that tumble from his lips.



# China's Unwritten Law

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C. P.

THERE is an unwritten law in China—a law which has actually been the main safeguard if not the only safeguard of democracy here. This unwritten law has worked more effectively in protecting the people's rights than some more democratic-looking plan based on a voting system. It is almost a parallel of what Catholic nations had in the Middle Ages as a safeguard against feudal rulers, in the moral judgments of the Catholic Church. This unwritten law which has meant so much to China—to the endurance of its civilization and its culture, of art, learning, and traditional virtues—is the obligation of rulers to respect the integrity of family life.

This is the chief explanation why, traditionally, the people of China have for the most part remained indifferent as to who might rule them. They were always sure that their family rights would be respected, that no state planning would interfere with the right of each family to plan for itself. This explains, too, why in this all-out war effort, the Chinese people have met with less deprivation of rights than any other people; how it happens that, while in other countries, even in old democracies, the rights of individuals have been widely curtailed and in some cases almost entirely suspended, yet in China the majority of Chinese families hardly notice there is a war, insofar as their individual family planning is concerned. Except for the drafting of sons and the rationing of a few items, especially salt, there is little difference in a democratic way—there is even an improvement. Of course there is more suffering and far fewer opportunities, but still full family freedom to use what is available.

The recognition by China's rulers of this unwritten law forbidding interference with the family's rights to plan its own future, has been the backbone of China's strength. It has given China its traditional note of democracy in spite of the absence of voting power. There has been no need for the people to interfere with the Government while the unwritten law gave assurance that the Government would not interfere with the fundamental rights of the people in their family life. Such an assurance in any government is an essential note that makes it basically true to human nature. It recognizes the family and the family's

welfare as the one solid basis on which to build the prosperity of the nation. It is the antithesis of the Soviet, Nazi, and Japanese systems, which make state planning the only planning, and tend to limit all individual family planning. These totalitarian systems concentrate the nation's planning in the hands of one man or a small group. Everyone in the nation is forced to follow such planning to the exclusion, in extreme examples, of individual or family planning.

These totalitarian systems do have the advantage of building a strong central power whose aggressive strength can be used at a moment's notice against weaker individual neighbors. Still, the example of the United States is proof that in a true democracy a greater strength can be built up against such aggressors, though requiring a certain amount of time.

Under Dr. Sun Yat Sen's *San Min Chu I*, "The Triple Demism," New China follows Old China in respecting family integrity and is thus truly democratic. In state planning, under the principle of the people's livelihood, the rights of families are safeguarded. The state plan is only an adjunct of the family's planning, by giving each family better opportunities to carry out its plan for the family welfare.

Any group in power in China or any ministry of the government would be untrue to Chinese tradition and to the *San Min Chu I* if it should interfere with the family's rights to plan its future in legitimate cultivation of private lands, in conduct of legitimate business, in choice of vocation for its children and their education along secular or religious lines.

Under a true democracy the ministries of the government have the duty to prepare opportunities and set their standards high so that individual families can make use of these good opportunities, and through the accumulated advantages accruing to the families the prosperity of the country can be assured.

And has the Chinese state any guarantee that the families will use the opportunities presented unless they are forced to do so by law, backed by military might? There can be no fear whatever on that score. Whenever the Chinese have had the opportunities and been free to use them they have always

done so to the betterment of their family conditions, always supposing these opportunities were in harmony with Chinese tradition. Nothing opposed to Chinese tradition has ever made headway in China; the silent and even long-suffering opposition such an innovation has met among the people has worked eventually to the elimination of the innovation.

For, after all, the Chinese tradition of the integrity of family life is something fundamentally solid and true. This right to develop the family's fortunes took on even a semireligious note by its connection with ancestor worship. It was regarded as the main duty of filial piety toward one's ancestors to make the family prosperous in material resources and worthy sons. Taking religion as our manifest recognition of duties to a first cause of our existence, I used the term "semireligious note," because in time these manifestations in each family were mainly directed toward a particular ancestor and his wife as the beginning of the family line. This occurred, of course, notwithstanding the often unexpressed recognition of the Supreme Being, God, our true First Cause. Such filial piety existed before Confucius, who well explained it, not as religious, but in terms of human relationship. However, in the practice of succeeding generations the distinctions of Confucius were not always apparent. The great sage of China himself said:

"TO treat the dead as dead—as if they ceased to be—and not to care for them is inhuman. Yet to treat them exactly as living beings would be unreasonable, for the dead are unlike the living—we must continue to do what they did during life, practice the same rites, love the same music, honor what they honored, serve them as we served them then, as if they were still in our midst—such is perfect filial piety."

Any new trend in Chinese government must be examined in the light of China's unwritten law. If it is in harmony it can succeed. If it is opposed it will eventually fail. Dr. Sun's *San Min Chu I* meets this test—just as it and the traditional sacredness of family integrity meet the test of Catholic principles, as true to the dignity and the rights of man. What better test can be found?

# SHIP AWAY

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

A HURRICANE in the Bay of Biscay left Captain Lomar with a Chief Engineer down with pneumonia and his First Assistant off duty with a broken leg. He radioed to the company's agent at Saint-Nazaire, which was his next port of call. The agent met the ship at the wharf, saw the two casualties off to a hospital, and asked Captain Lomar if there was anything else he wanted done.

"There is," answered Lomar. "The ship is in great need of an overhauling. She should go in dry dock."

"That's out," said the agent. "The instructions from the home office are for you to put back to sea right away."

"To sea right away? And why so?"

"It's the war, Captain, the war. International law is being shot to pieces. Neutralities are passing. The flag of that little country will soon be no protection to your ship. You'll have to put to sea again."

"Without a Chief and First Assistant Engineer?"

"Not so, Captain, not so. A Chief Engineer off a torpedoed ship landed here yesterday, and engineer officers in the war zone being scarce, I signed him up for you."

Lomar, who preferred to choose his own officers, said: "So? And what kind is he?"

"A competent man by all the gossip of the port, Captain, though—well, the gossip also has it that he likes his grog."

Lomar made a face. "Likes his grog? A rum hound! Fine, fine! What about a First Assistant?"

"Right now in Brest there's a young American engineer officer, who is also off a torpedoed ship and looking for a billet. Here are Brest papers telling about him. As I said, ship's officers in the war zone are scarce, so I think you have better wire our Consul in Brest to have him take the next train to here."

"If he also likes his grog it will be a perfect day," said Lomar; but he wired as directed, then retired to his cabin

to await with what patience he could the arrival of the train from Brest.

The train from Brest pulled into St. Nazaire. A young fellow of twenty-five or so, obviously an American and a seafarer, hurried from the station, hopped a taxi, located his ship in the Basin, convinced the guard at the foot of the gangplank that he wasn't a German spy, and went aboard.

An officer in dungarees met him at the ship's rail. "You must be our new First Assistant?"

"Right. Creedon is the name."

"I'm Allet, Second Assistant Engineer. Captain Lomar told me to watch out for you. I'll show you your room. This way, please."

When they reached his quarters, Creedon set down his suitcase and started to unpack.

From Allet then: "The ship has a new Chief also, Mr. Creedon."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And he's quite a card. He came aboard this morning and he hasn't even reported to the Captain yet. He did not even go below to look things over. I started to tip him off about our engine room, which is a horror, and he said: 'Mister, I'll be interested there when necessary, but right now I have business ashore.' He went ashore and came back aboard with a bottle of rum under his arm. Yep! And Captain Lomar is death on any drinking aboard ship."

"Yes? What's his name?"

"O'Mara."

"O'Mara?" Creedon paused in his unpacking. "O'Mara! At last! I'll look in on him. See you later, Allet."

A few steps down the passageway was a door marked Chief Engineer. Creedon knocked, a voice called "Come in," and he entered. A gray-haired man of fifty or so was leaning loosely against the bunk.

He held a half-filled pint bottle of rum in one hand and a water tumbler in the other hand. He was unshaven and his clothes looked like things he had been sleeping in for days.

"I'm Creedon, sir."

"Creedon? Creedon!"

"Your First Assistant to be."

"Oh-h! Come in. You ever—?" he extended the glass and bottle toward Creedon.

Creedon shook his head. "Not aboard ship, sir—if you don't mind."

"I don't mind. Why should I?" He gulped down what was left of the rum. "It used to be no drinking aboard ship with me one time too. What you looking at?"

Creedon nodded his head toward an enlarged snapshot of a handsome middle-aged woman and a lovely looking young woman which hung on the bulkhead at the foot of the bunk.

There was a knock at the door. It was Allet.

"You again? What now?" said O'Mara.

"The water in the shaft alley is ankle deep, and it will be deeper when we're out to sea."

"Naturally," said O'Mara easily.

"And the manifolds are clogged with mud and sand."

"Who let them get so?" O'Mara's voice had hardened.

"It wasn't anybody's fault, sir. We've been taking in sand and gravel off the bottoms of shoal harbors since the ship was built."

"That'll do. I'll see you below later."

Allet faded into the passageway.

"Troubles at sea!" said O'Mara. "A man can forelay against them; but troubles ashore are something else." His gaze followed Creedon's to the photograph above his bunk. "My wife and daughter," he said. "I saved that photo from my torpedoed ship. That and these clothes I've got on. She went down in a hurry. You reported to Captain Lomar yet?"

"I'm going to now."

"You'd maybe do well to. The ship's agent here told me he's a retired navy captain and a great one for doing everything navy style. I'll be along after a look below."

Allet was in the passageway with his particular pal, the Third Deck Officer, when Creedon passed on his way to the captain's cabin. "See that chap?" asked Allet. "Our new First Assistant. A shut mouth, but I'm betting he's a smart guy, and I'm steaming along with him."

Captain Lomar's cabin was on the boat deck under the bridge. Creedon found him seated in a swivel chair at a flat-

**O'Mara liked his grog. No doubt about it. But off the troubled coast of France he met Creedon—and remembered**



*O'Mara lifted the bottle of rum off the dresser. "Please, not yet. Wait!" said Creedon*

topped desk. He was a heavy-set man of sixty, and a cane on the desk and one leg held stiffly out explained his retirement from the navy:

"Creedon, sir, reporting for duty."

"So?" Lomar appraised Creedon from under thick, reddish eyebrows. Then: "I'm glad to see you." He motioned Creedon to sit down, picked up a sheaf of French newspaper clippings from his desk, gave them a quick going over. "You were in charge of an open boat without food and water for ten days, Mr. Creedon?"

"Not ten days without food and water, sir. Only six days."

"Only six days? So! Mm! You drink? I mean . . ."

"Aboard ship, sir? No sir."

"Good! And now, the welfare of my ship being my chief concern in life, let's talk about your Chief, Mr. O'Mara, who does drink, as the ship's incurable gossip Allet, has already told you, of course.

A competent man, by all accounts, and I'm ready to make allowances. But a drinking man aboard ship! Our agent here thinks it a case of shattered nerves. Half the men on watch with him were blown to pieces, and the agent thinks he's trying to forget the horror of it in drink. And yet, if it was a case of shattered nerves, would he be so ready to go back to sea so soon? What d'you say?"

"I'd say he would not, sir."

"Mm. You think he was a drinking man before he ever saw this ship."

"That's my guess, sir."

Lomar studied Creedon afresh. "Hm! Of course, like every young ship's engineer, you are looking forward to the day when you will be the Chief Engineer of a fine ship."

"I am, sir."

There was a knock at the door. Lomar called a "Come in." O'Mara stood in the doorway. Lomar broke the silence.

"Mr. O'Mara, is it? How do you do, sir. And now that you are here, what can I do for you?"

"You can begin," said O'Mara, "by closing the valve on your navy pipes and ruffles, and take a question or two from me. Who's responsible for that rundown engine room?"

Lomar stared, gulped, mustered a smile—the smile to show that he could take it as well as give it. "A fair question, Mr. O'Mara. I have been in command of this ship for sixteen months now, and never once when she made port have the owners allowed me time to haul her up for a going over."

"What about hauling her up now?"

"Too late now. A German army is not far off, Mr. O'Mara, and my orders are to get out of here before we are bombed. Now if that engine room is too tough for you . . ."

"Captain Lomar, I was weaned on tough engine rooms. I put in my early years at sea with tramp steamers that

were mostly junk heaps, wheezing along at seven or eight knots when the sea was smooth and the wind astern. I progressed to passenger steamers, and eventually I took over one. And my wife was at last able to say to our growing daughter that her father was Chief Engineer of a passenger ship."

"You're entering a dangerous service, Mr. O'Mara, for a man with a wife and daughter."

"I have no wife and daughter now," O'Mara stated.

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Mara. I'm sorry. And now! We're getting under way at twelve o'clock tonight. I want to be clear of the river and the inshore waters of the Bay by daylight. Think you can give me some real speed by that time, Mr. O'Mara?"

"Give me co-operation, Captain Lomar, and I'll give you speed."

Lomar leaned forward and said coldly: "What do you mean by cooperation?"

*Illustrated by HARRY T. FISK*



"Giving me what I call for without me first having to fill in a questionnaire a yard long."

Lomar straightened up. "Mr. O'Mara, give me speed and I'll give you co-operation. Ten knots was the best we could do during our last week at sea, and out in the Bay are U-boats that can steam ten knots submerged. This ship was built to do eighteen knots, Mr. O'Mara. Even with her barnacled bottom she should be doing—well, you give me twelve knots for our first twenty-four hours, and I'll be pleased, Mr. O'Mara. We're putting out at twelve o'clock tonight, Mr. O'Mara, and twelve o'clock means twelve o'clock with me."

O'Mara went ashore and Creedon went below. He found an engine room deck that was a slimy mess of gravel, mud, and oil; and bright work that was green for want of a rag laid on it. He set the watch to cleaning up, got enough steam up for Basin purposes, left Allet in charge, went topside. He wanted to be alone for a while.

Six bells—eleven o'clock—were striking, and Creedon was still pacing the boat deck. Captain Lomar came out of his cabin. "Pondering a problem?" asked Lomar.

"I am, sir."

"So'm I. I've been master of a happy ship up to now, Mr. Creedon, but no longer, I'm afraid. Mr. O'Mara back aboard yet?"

"No, sir."

"No? At twelve o'clock we get under way. If he isn't aboard by then you take over."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Lomar went back into his cabin, and Creedon went ashore. He made straight to the big square of the port, and there, as he expected, was O'Mara. He was slumped beside a table outside a closed café. An empty and a full bottle of rum were on the table.

O'Mara roused himself at sight of Creedon: "That spare bottle, Creedon, means that I forelaid against the cafés closing for the night. What about a drink? You're not aboard ship now."

"I'm not aboard ship, that's right, sir, but listen." Creedon was inclining an ear to the ship's bells floating up the wind from the Basin. "Seven bells, sir. At eight bells—in half an hour—our ship must be under way."

"So she must, mustn't she? How about cleaning up this spare bottle before we go aboard?"

"How about taking it aboard? It should come in good after a long dry watch below."

"Right! So it will." O'Mara tucked the full bottle under his right arm. Creedon took hold of his other arm and together they returned to the ship.

O'Mara set the bottle of rum on the

dresser in his room, stretched himself out in his bunk, and fell instantly asleep. Creedon took the rum off the dresser, stepped along to his own room, set the bottle atop of his dresser, locked his door and hurried down to the engine room. Allet was there. "Mr. O'Mara coming?" asked Allet.

"He'll be coming," said Creedon. "You go and turn in."

Allet left. Eight bells struck. The bridge telephone rang. It was the Captain asking to know if all was ready.

~~~~~  
**▶ A conference is a group of men who individually can do nothing but as a group can meet and decide that nothing can be done.**

—IRISH DIGEST

~~~~~  
 "All ready, sir," answered Creedon.

Creedon had been short of sleep coming aboard the ship; and it was a strain standing the watch alone and jumping to the quick shifting signals from above; but he visualized Captain Lomar's troubles on the bridge holding the ship to her place in the crowded Basin and at the same time striving to avoid collision. A ship engineer's first and last duty is never to fail the ship's bridge. Creedon beat down his weariness. By four the ship should be clear of the Basin and the locks and into the river.

At four o'clock it was Allet who showed up. "I know I'm not due on watch again until eight o'clock," burst from Allet, "but I couldn't sleep, so I thought I might's well get up, and take over the Third's watch. He said all right. Hadn't I better take a look around?"

Creedon nodded assent.

Allet came back from his tour to report bilge pump strainers clogged, two shaft alley bearings warm, a piston rod smoking, and low water in two of the boilers. "And those condensers!" he added. "By now they must be plugged up solid."

"No doubt," said Creedon.

The bridge telephone rang. Creedon waved Allet away. "Engine room. Creedon speaking."

"Mr. O'Mara there?" It was the Captain's voice.

"Not at this moment, sir."

"No? When he shows up, you might inform him that we're out of the river and daylight isn't far away. Tell him I'll soon be expecting some of that speed he promised me."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Creedon took the engine-room ladders on high, raced the passageways to O'Mara's room, switched on the light. O'Mara was still asleep. Creedon tapped him lightly on the shoulder. O'Mara came instantly awake. His first glance

was for the photo at the foot of his bunk. He groaned and sat up. "What is it?"

"We're coming into the Bay, and daylight will soon be on us."

"In the Bay? Daylight! U-boats!" O'Mara slid from his bunk, followed Creedon below. He surveyed the engine room. "This goo, Creedon, has me almost believing I'm back in one of my old freight wagons. Let's see. We'll have at those condensers first." He stepped to the phone. "O'Mara speaking. The Captain, please."

The members at the watch standing to attention close by next heard: "I want your permission to shut off both engines."

The rumble of a heavy voice came to the listening standees. Then from O'Mara: "I'm not crazy. I think it necessary. Yes, I know about submarines maybe lurking inshore, but I still think it better to stop the ship here. If we're fated to be torpedoed, the row to shore will be shorter. What's that? What do I plan to do after stopping the engines? Why, I'll clean out the condensers. How will I do that? I'll open the outboard discharge gates and . . ."

Presently Lomar was looking down from the grating and shouting: "See here, Mr. O'Mara. I've forgotten what little I ever knew about ship's engines, but aren't those discharge gates below our water line?"

"That's right."

"And you propose to open them up? Mr. O'Mara, I don't like it."

"I'd rather we didn't have to myself. But we're wasting time. You promised me co-operation."

"I'll give you co-operation!" yelled Lomar. "Go to it! Open up every damn valve in the ship. Open 'em wide! And sink us! Go ahead!"

O'Mara turned to Creedon. "Get me a long bar, and pick four huskies from the watch."

Creedon produced a long pinch bar, lined up four bulky men of the watch. O'Mara shut down the engines, shut off the overboard discharge valve, removed a hand hold head from the starboard condenser. He set the pinch bar between the spokes of the valve. Then: "Now you bullies, heave on that bar! Heave! I said."

"Jeeps!" murmured one of the huskies. "Here comes the Bay o' Biscay!"

"Now close her up," ordered O'Mara. "Now open her again! Heave, you bullies, heave! Easy now! Hold! Now open her up again. Open her up and shut her. Good! And now for the port condenser!"

The port condenser was cleaned out. Said O'Mara then: "And now, with your permission, Captain Lomar, I'm giving her full speed ahead."

Lomar nodded, O'Mara gave her full power; and soon he was saying to Lomar:

"The lady's making revolutions now, Captain. Twelve knots already the register is clicking. It will be fourteen soon. Sixteen—maybe—before the day is out. And U-boats aren't getting wide-awake, sixteen-knot ships easy, Captain Lomar."

"I guess you know ships' engines, Mr. O'Mara."

"I ought to. I've played with 'em and studied 'em, nursed 'em and cursed 'em for more than thirty years. But always I tried to understand them. Engines are like people, Captain. Try to understand them, stand by them, and they'll do things for you."

"I never understood 'em. Guess I better stick to the bridge." Lomar disappeared through a bulkhead door.

"And now, Creedon," said O'Mara, "everything being under control, s'posin' you turn in?"

Six bells were striking—eleven o'clock—when Creedon came awake. A fresh breeze was flowing in through the airport above his bunk. A glance out showed a cloudless sky and blue water. Blue water meant that the ship was clear of the more dangerous inshore waters, the green waters of the Bay.

He was at his shaving when a knock came on the door. Now what? He lifted the bottle of rum from the dresser, paused, set the bottle back on the dresser and called a "Come in."

It was Lomar who came in. He sighted the bottle, frowned and snorted: "Expecting somebody else, were you?"

"I was expecting Mr. O'Mara, sir."

"So? And knowing his weakness, you are holding that rum ready for him?"

Creedon finished wiping his face free of lather. "Captain Lomar, Mr. O'Mara will stay a drinking man until he can pick up a bottle of rum, set it down and say no, or heave it through the nearest airport unopened."

There was a knock at the door. Creedon called out and O'Mara entered. He was all grime and sweat. His roving glance fell on the bottle of rum. He smiled at Creedon, turned to Lomar: "Captain, this young man looked in on me yesterday, and to myself I said: 'A determined and capable young man this, and meaning, for whatever reason, to talk sternly to me.' My next thought was: 'And he has in mind maybe to take over my billet if I don't watch out!' I'm having a drink at the time, y' see. Now, Captain, I wasn't giving a damn about my billet aboard this ship. Nor am I now. No. But I never did like being rushed. I looked him over again. And then? All at once his look went all friendly. And last night—" O'Mara turned to Creedon—"you had your chance to take over my berth. And you passed up the chance. That right? Right! I noticed you looking at the photo of my wife and daughter and I told you

who they were. And you nodded your head as though you already knew who they were."

"I did know."

O'Mara had been reaching for the rum. He held his hand around the bottle. "You knew them? Where? When?"

"My ship was in Erie Basin after a bad collision off Sandy Hook. The papers had a lot to say about how badly smashed she was, and crowds of people came to see her. Your wife and daughter Barbara were among them. I showed them around the ship. I spent all my spare time with Barbara while my ship was being overhauled. I fell in love with her. We were to be married, with your approval, after my next South American voyage."

"So?" O'Mara let himself lean against the dresser. "Were you in New York when—when . . ."

"I wasn't. My ship was in Rio when a New York friend got me on the phone and told me of the horrible death of your wife and Barbara in that hotel fire."

"Guess I'd better go!" Lomar stood up.

"Not yet, please, Captain," said Creedon. Lomar sat down, and Creedon continued: "I went on a drunk in Rio and stayed drunk for a week, and my ship sailed without me."

"One morning I came to myself on a bench on the water front. Day was breaking, the sun was rising over Nictheroy across the Bay. You remember Nictheroy?"

"Nictheroy," murmured O'Mara. "I watched that same sun rise over Nictheroy with Barbara's mother on our honeymoon trip."

"So Barbara's mother told me, and the day my ship sailed from New York, Barbara said that some day we too must go rolling down to Rio and watch the sun break through the purple dawn above the hills of Nictheroy. She talked like

► A gossip is said to be a person with a keen sense of rumor.

—AVE MARIA MAGAZINE

that at times, like she was saying things to music."

"Her mother, too."

"Some memories," said O'Mara, "don't leave a man cheerful." He lifted the bottle of rum off the dresser.

"Please, not yet. Wait!" said Creedon. O'Mara waited.

"There I was, watching the sun rise over the hills of Nictheroy, but not watching it with Barbara. A favorite little prayer of hers came to my mind. And then, like an answer to that prayer, there was Barbara standing before me."

Lomar shifted in his chair, a murmur

of protest escaped him.

"Please, Captain. I was brought up to believe in a life beyond this one. Knocking around the world for years away from home dulled that belief until Barbara O'Mara revived it in me. And there was Barbara, as real to me against the rising sun over Nictheroy as you are now, Captain, in that chair. And with such a look for me! I had failed in my duty to my ship, but her look was not of censure, nor of reproach. It was a look all of pity, and understanding."

O'Mara was still gripping the bottle of rum. Creedon continued: "I pledged myself to Barbara that morning in Rio that I'd never fail her again. Nor fail any ship of mine again. And then I thought of you, sir, her father. What a rough road it would be from then on for you! And in every port I've made since I would look around and say: 'Barbara's father may be here too.' If I had met with you in any port in the world I would have shipped as a wiper in your black gang just to be shipmates with you. And here, where I never expected to, I find myself with you."

Creedon paused. O'Mara was still holding the bottle of rum, his tongue was playing over his parched lips. Creedon continued: "We're acting as a cargo ship now, but even so the lives of a ship's company are in our care. And we may soon be a passenger ship again with thousands of our fighting men under our care."

"I've got to leave you," interrupted the Captain, "I have business topside."

Eight bells were striking—twelve o'clock—and the young Third Deck Officer had the bridge when Captain Lomar arrived there. "A fine day, sir," ventured the Third.

"I wouldn't say so yet," returned his Captain, and moving to the port wing rail, he leaned outboard and stared down the ship's side.

Patiently, Lomar stood watch; and by and by he saw a grimy hand reach through an airport below him and let fall a bottle. It was a bottle with the screw top still in place. A full bottle. It sank instantly. Lomar straightened up and looked out over the sea. It was a beautiful sea—all blue and smooth as a ship's deck except for the curly little whitecaps playing on it.

Lomar faced inboard, and young Third ventured another fine day, sir.

"A fine day now, yes," said Lomar. "A splendid day! Blue water and a free moving ship under foot. A day that augurs well for this ship and all hands. Eight bells gone and all's well. A happy ship again. A ship safe away!"

Captain Lomar laid his cane playfully across young Third's shoulders and tapped his way down the bridge ladder to his cabin.



James Gleason, Janet Blair, Cary Grant, and Ted Donaldson, in "Once Upon a Time," fantasy about a pet caterpillar

### The Ghost Runs

When a troop of American Rangers, billeted in an old English castle, first meet Oscar Wilde's famous CANTERVILLE GHOST they put him to an irreverent and uncereemonious rout. This scene, plus the winsome acting of Margaret O'Brien and a lively jitterbug session, supply the high lights of a considerably revised version of the Wilde play. Despite its implausibilities, the film resolves into an appealing and comic narrative of mystery and heroics that will be accepted by adults and is acceptable for the children.

Back in 1614, Sir Simon de Canterville was walled up alive in the family castle because he had discreetly run away from an impending duel. His ghost is doomed to haunt the castle until a heroic deed is performed in his name by a De Canterville. In the contingent of Rangers quartered at the castle is a family descendant who finally breaks the legendary sentence.

The six-year-old O'Brien child carries off a sizeable portion of the honors by her unaffected poise and intelligent work. Charles Laughton provides several moments of fun as the ghost and Robert Young, William Gargan, Una O'Connor, and Elisabeth Risdon make you forget the shortcomings of this comedy-mystery. (MGM)

### A Modern Fable

Seekers of the unusual in film entertainment will find ONCE UPON A TIME a thoroughly amusing and captivating fairy tale designed to please the youngsters and impress the more mature. Devoid of the cinematic cliché and bolstered by expert performing and deft directorial action, what might have been merely an ingenuous little fable becomes gilt-edged screen material.

The whimsical story involves a theatrical producer whose luck has not been of the best and a young boy who is the

# Stage and

By JERRY COTTER

proud and loving possessor of a most unusual pet. It is a dancing caterpillar named Curley. The producer is quick to see the possibilities of such a phenomenon and arranges to capitalize on it, even to the extent of stardom on the Disney screen. In his enthusiasm and desire to recoup his own fortune, he almost breaks faith with the youngster who had trusted him. However, as in all good fairy tales, everyone is completely happy when the surprising conclusion is reached.

So rarely does the production become overly coy in its methods that only the most hypercritical will object on that score. Cary Grant handles the role of the producer with ease, but it is Ted Donaldson, as the young caterpillar enthusiast, who contributes the best performance. Janet Blair, James Gleason, and William Demarest lend staunch aid in this entertaining combination of artless humor and originality. The children will enjoy it tremendously and the adults will find that it contains a much deeper significance than its surface fantasy indicates. (Columbia)

### Reviews in Brief

Pat O'Brien's first venture as an independent producer is a lusty, rousing melodramatic excursion into a wartime shipyard. SECRET COMMAND presents O'Brien as a counterespionage agent assigned by the Navy to work as a pilebuck





Margaret O'Brien and Robert Young meet Charles Laughton, the ghost of an old British castle in "Canterville Ghost"

# Screen

while ferreting out Nazis planning sabotage. Humor and action have been carefully blended against an absorbing background. Chester Morris, Carole Landis, Ruth Warrick, Wallace Ford, Tom Tully, and a host of familiars assist the star in making the first of his Terneen Productions a quality action drama. (Columbia-Terneen)

BATHING BEAUTY joins the parade of musical extravaganzas rich in glittering, optical display but rather short on story value. Fortunately the banality of the plot is soon forgotten as an aquatic spectacle, beautiful in its Technicolor lavishness, is unreel. Musical sequences are well handled by Harry James, Xavier Cugat, and Ethel Smith, and Esther Williams and Basil Rathbone lend beauty and menace respectively to the proceedings which features Red Skelton as star. His performance can be called either effervescent or obnoxious, depending on your reaction to his particular brand of funmaking. This time his antics relegate the film to the category of adult-only presentation, but the film is worth seeing for its striking and colorful exhibitions. (MGM)

Admirers of Bette Davis will probably enjoy her characterization in MR. SKEFFINGTON, but impartial moviegoers will find it merely a mannered effort, considerably less than sensational. Not so very long ago, Miss Davis was the screen's outstanding actress, but somewhere along the line the inevitable happened. Affectation superseded naturalness and her ability to grasp the shadings of each new role seemed to

vanish. Most of her recent appearances have been grotesque caricatures, stylized and artificial carbons. The current role is not an exception. The story of a shallow woman who wastes her life eternally seeking false glamour and momentary happiness calls for a minimum of acting ability and a maximum of theatrical trickery. Miss Davis contributes that and little more. Nor are Claude Rains, Walter Abel, Majorie Riordan, Robert Shayne, Richard Waring, and director Vincent Sherman able to do much with the material. Suitable for adult audiences, we cannot recommend it as either entertaining or artistic, except possibly to the most rabid Davis admirers. (Warner Bros.)

There are many fine moments in the screen version of Maxwell Anderson's THE EVE OF ST. MARK, but also some that strain at the bonds of credibility. On the stage, the poetic speeches and altruistic views of the soldiers involved did not seem as incongruous and out of character as they now sound. Nor does the unwise retention of some of the less savory Anderson dialogue and allusions add to its value as entertainment. There is no plausible reason for including suggestive references in any screenplay that will be seen by countless numbers of impressionables. Theater audiences are mature enough in most cases so that they will not be affected—though not necessarily happy—at some playwright's penchant for crude phraseology. Alternately humorous, poignant and intensely dramatic, this must be rated as partly objectionable. William Eythe gives a sensitive interpretation of the leading role and Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, Ruth Nelson, John Archer, Joann Dolan, and Dickie Moore are expert delineators handicapped by regrettable carelessness. (20th Century-Fox)

Leave the children at home when you see DOUBLE INDEMNITY, a taut, tense, psychological study starring Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson. A murder story with the detecting done by a mild-mannered insurance claim agent, it is based on the sordid Snyder-Gray case of some years ago. Miss Stanwyck and MacMurray, in roles completely different from any they have previously attempted, acquit themselves creditably, and Robinson does full justice to his role of actuarian-detective. A powerful study of an attempt at the perfect crime, this will appeal principally to those who enjoy their mystery stories in strong doses with a dash of psychology. (Paramount)

Ruth Warrick and Carole Landis indulge in a friendly greeting as Pat O'Brien looks on in this scene from "Secret Command"



The fighting Marines are given another screen salvo in *MARINE RAIDERS*, which moves at a swift pace through scenes of the training and conditioning of men in that branch of service. Pat O'Brien and Robert Ryan are cast as officers assigned to train recruits at a boot camp after they have been wounded in a Pacific battle. The narrative is a familiar one but it has been handled intelligently by the technicians and enacted skilfully by the stars with the help of the always reliable Ruth Hussey, Barton MacLane, Richard Martin, Barbara Hale, and Lawrence Tierney. (RKO)

### Juvenile Delinquency

The legitimate theater turns its attention to the problem of juvenile delinquency with excellent results and a potent message in Michael Todd's latest play, *PICKUP GIRL*, from the pen of dramatist Elsa Shelley. A frightening picture of the contemporary scene, snatched from the news columns of almost any paper, it is outspokenly realistic about the problem of the teen-agers and their wayward parents.

While Miss Shelley has stated the problem with relentless and disturbing intensity, she does not go beyond it to the point of suggesting the only possible method of curbing delinquency, be it juvenile or adult. The setting of the play is a New York courtroom for wayward youngsters. A young girl is brought before the judge and in intensely dramatic progression the details of her life are brought out. It develops into the usual clinical study so familiar to social workers and the law—poverty, working parents, lack of supervision, the desire for fun, and the inevitable tragic consequences. Not a pretty play, it is a powerful one spotlighting a national disgrace. If a fraction of the billions now being spent for destruction could be appropriated for the elimination of the conditions responsible for the continuing growth of this social cancer, we could be as proud of our cultural progress as we now are of our material growth and power.

Pamela Rivers is brilliantly effective as the girl and William Harrigan matches her performance as the judge. The entire production has been staged with careful attention to detail and dramaturgic values. The unfortunate part is that it will probably never be seen by those for whom its searing message is intended.

### Offenbach and Novotna

In the era preceding the Gilbert and Sullivan popularity, Jacques Offenbach was the reigning favorite of the continental theater. His opera bouffe, *La Belle Helene*, is now being presented in this country for the first time by the New Opera Company. Streamlined and with some topical, new lyrics, it stars the Metropolitan Opera favorite, Jarmila Novotna, who imparts vocal distinction to the role of the legendary goddess of ancient Greece.

The new title of the opera is *HELEN GOES TO TROY* and in the general revision and modernization some additional Offenbach numbers have been included in the score. The famed Barcarole from *The Tales of Hoffman* is the most pleasing. Overemphasis on the sensuous aspects of the legends does much to detract from the brilliant vocal and ballet effects, the melodious Offenbach music, and the generally lavish production. Ernest Truex, William Horne, Donald Buka, and Ralph Dumke are featured in this musical treat—that is also partly objectionable adult material.

### Operetta Festival

A series of operetta revivals at New York's City Center was inaugurated with the presentation of the popular Romberg-Hammerstein hit of 1928, *NEW MOON*. Although the production itself lacks the splendor and colorful costuming of its current competitors, the superb singing of Dorothy

Kirsten, Earl Wrightson, and John Hamill more than compensates. Johnny Morgan, the radio comedian, has the impossible duty of extracting laughs from ponderous and stilted libretto. For its lovely and lilting musical interludes, *New Moon* is well worth the modest admission price. It sets a smart standard for the succeeding revivals.

### Fabulous Failure

*DREAM WITH MUSIC* is the most beautiful musical to be presented in almost a decade, but it is also among the most boring. The settings, costumes, and production numbers bespeak excellent artistic taste and creative originality, but a hit musical cannot pass muster on eye-appeal alone. There must be a tuneful score and a few amusing moments. This latest Richard Kollmar effort can boast neither.

Zorina, starred as the weary writer of a radio serial, falls asleep and dreams that she is Scherazade, who must tell a different story for 1001 nights. Aladdin and his Genie, Sinbad, the King of all the Indies, a pair of blue-eyed Pandas, and countless other bizarre figures populate the dream. It is all colorful and decidedly beautiful, but the humor stems from the gutter and the score is dull and uninspired. Even a shimmering decor cannot cover those defects. Much of the material in *Dream with Music* is salvageable. If producer Kollmar can lift the aural features to the level of the production's visual attractions, he will have a success of tremendous proportions. As now constructed, the show is a tragic waste of a six-figure investment.

### "Career Angel" Again

The professional production of *Career Angel* was a distinct disappointment to those who had looked forward to its presentation with anticipation. Much of the gentle wit and amusing satire that characterized the Blackfriars Guild version of Father Gerard M. Murray's fine play, was lost in the transition from amateur to professional status. Uninspired direction and poor performance by at least one important cast member robbed the play of its finest moments. Most tragic of the production errors was the selection of Glenn Anders for the vital role of the Angel Guardian. Not only did he fail to grasp the significance of the part, but his coy mannerisms became increasingly irritating as the story progressed. On the other hand, Whitford Kane gave a magnificent interpretation of Brother Seraphim. His splendid work did much to counteract the generally poor casting job.

The twofold effect of this failure is to point up the careless production methods and spirit too often employed in the professional theater and at the same time to high light the excellent results achieved by amateurs operating with very limited resources of talent and financial support. It is these Little Theatre groups, more often than not, that are keeping alive the best traditions of the drama, principally because they are interested in the theater as a medium of expression rather than a form of profitable investment. Hundreds of groups throughout the country are doing excellent work in college auditoriums, barns, bandbox playhouses, and whatever outlet is handy. As examples, Father Hartke's Catholic University Players have just received a considerable amount of critical acclaim for the production of *Sing Out, Sweet Land* . . . several groups in and around New York often turn out plays comparable to the professional standard in spirit, if not outlay. In addition to the Blackfriars Guild, the American-Irish Theatre Group, Fordham University's Mimes and Mummies, and the St. Joan of Arc Players, to mention but a few, are contributing handsomely to the general theatrical picture. They deserve the public support which a good majority of the professional producers are sacrificing by their negligence and indifference.

# Gobbledygook Comes a Cropper

**I**N THE *Federal Register*, the official gazette in which the "directives" of the President and the orders of the various executive agencies of the Government are proclaimed, there appeared not long ago the following concluding paragraph:

"Unless sooner terminated this authorization shall expire at the close of the last day of the month immediately preceding the first month that begins six months or more after the date of cessation of hostilities in the present war."

Now, you can study that paragraph until your sight grows dim and you can't make anything out of it. If the "or more" after "six months" were omitted, you might make it out that the authorization was to expire seven months after the end of the war, but with the "or more" in the sentence, the only meaning you can deduce, if there is any meaning at all, is that the authorization could expire any time from seven months after the war until Doomsday, which probably was not the meaning the writer of the above paragraph intended.

If this were an isolated instance of official double-talk it would not be worth notice. But it isn't. It is merely an extreme example of the ambiguous pomposity that marks the speech and writings of many government bureaucrats. Its constant use by men who are attempting to order our lives from Washington accounts for much of the confusion that exists in the minds of those who are expected to conform their acts to official decrees.

For this kind of talk and writing Maury Maverick, a former Congressman from Texas, a former Mayor of San Antonio, and now, as he admits wryly, a government "bureaucrat," has invented the name—"gobbledygook."

In a recent article on the subject in the *New York Times*, he explained how he got the word.

"It must have come in a vision," he wrote. "Perhaps I was thinking of the old bearded turkey gobbler back in Texas who was always gobbledygobbling and strutting with ridiculous pomposity. At the end of his gobble there was a sort of gook."

A more accurately descriptive term could hardly be imagined. It conveys exactly the implication of ridicule intended by its author. It stung Mr. Maverick's bureaucratic brethren to the quick and spurred them into instantaneous action. A few days after he delivered his denunciation of gobbledygook, the principal memorandum writers, directives

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

authors and special instructions experts of the Government met to discuss plans for reforming the official idiom.

Mr. Maverick's definition of gobbledygook is: "Talk or writing which is long, pompous, vague, involved, usually with Latinized words. It is also talk or writing which is merely long, even though the words are fairly simple, with repetition over and over again, all of which could have been said in a few words."

Most gobbledygookers, I might add, show a fondness for official jargon—big words used with monotonous repetition when simpler words would more expressly convey the meaning.

It would be easy to compile a massive anthology of official gobbledygook; in the space of this article it will be possible to cite only a few specimens.

To take one from a recent release by the Office of War Information, a state-

ment by Judge Walter P. Stacy, chairman of a special railroad employment committee appointed by President Roosevelt to deal with racial discrimination (the statement uses "cases of discrimination," which is gobbledygook).

"Where complaints have been made to the Fair Employment Practice Committee," the statement says, "committees and management on individual properties will sit down and endeavor to find a reasonable accommodation in the premises within the framework of their respective schedules of wages and working conditions."

Translated out of gobbledygook into plain English, the above would read:

"Where complaints have been made to the Fair Employment Practice Committee, committees and management will endeavor to end discriminations."

A particular failing of the writers of gobbledygook, as Mr. Maverick pointed out, is the wasting of words. Almost all government orders are preceded by long "whereas" paragraphs citing the reasons for the issuance of the orders.



Maury Maverick, crusader against the use of what he calls "gobbledygook"



## Wish I Had Said It

► Frank Harris, Whistler, and Oscar Wilde were playing billiards one day. Whistler uttered a bon mot. Whereupon Wilde enviously said, "I wish I had said that." "Don't worry, Oscar," retorted Harris, "you will."

An example quoted by Mr. Maverick in his recent magazine article follows:

"Whereas, national defense requirements have created a shortage of corundum (as hereafter defined) for the combined needs of defense and private account, and the supply of corundum now is and will be insufficient for defense and essential civilian requirements, unless the supply of corundum is conserved and its use in certain products manufactured for civilian use is curtailed; and it is necessary in the public interest and to promote the defense of the United States, to conserve the supply and direct the distribution and use thereof. Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered that. . . ."

This, of course, is in the foggier style of the legal fraternity. Mr. Maverick found it not altogether unintelligible for he rewrote it as follows:

"National defense requirements have created a shortage of corundum. This order is necessary to conserve the supply for war and essential civilian use, and. . . ."

But much gobbledygook, as, for instance, the quotation from the *Federal Register* in the opening paragraphs of this article, conveys no meaning or so conceals the meaning that you can only guess at it.

Consider the following example, also from Mr. Maverick's collection:

"For the purposes of subparagraph (1) of this paragraph, if a farmer-producer has a maximum price for a given class of sales or deliveries or a given variety and kind of vegetable seed, but not for another class of sales or deliveries thereof, he shall determine his maximum price for such a latter class of sales or deliveries by adding to or subtracting from his maximum price for the class of sales and deliveries for which he has an established maximum price hereunder the premium or discount, as the case may be, in dollars and cents normal to the trade during said base period, for the class of sales or deliveries for which he has an established maximum price hereunder; and the resultant figure shall be his maximum price for the class of sales and deliveries in question."

You can readily imagine what a farmer-producer could make out of that one. Yet, it is only a somewhat aggravated example of the kind of gobbledygook that flows out of the Office of Price Administration day after day. The

orders of the War Production Board are no less cumbersome, involved, and unintelligible to most laymen.

One of the principal activities of bureaucrats is the writing of reports and inter-office memoranda. Communication between officials concerning even routine matters is almost never by telephone, almost invariably by inter-office memoranda. In government agencies, and this goes for the Army and Navy as well, projects move in "channels" and "channelizing" is one of the favorite verbs in the gobbledygook lexicon. To "channelize" a project is to refer it to the official with authority to act on it. Often it takes days to "channelize," for a memorandum will go down to the lowest level and then rise through the various grades of authority to the top, where authority to make a decision reposes.

"Level" is another favorite of the gobbledygookers. There are many levels—the "operational and the policy-making" levels; the "federal, state, and local" levels, and so on.

Almost everything in government bureaus is "processed." If a man applies for a commission in the Army or the Navy or for a job in any other government department, the application is "processed," that is, acted on.

**B**UREAUCRATS rarely issue orders; they write "directives." The "directive" may specify an "optimum" or a "minimum" course of action. If a new division is to be set up in a department or agency, the "directive" scarcely ever says, "On such a date you will set up X division"; more likely the "directive" will read, "On such a date you will 'activate' X division." The Army and the Navy could hardly function if you took away the word "activate."

Most "directives" specify that such and such an operation shall be carried out "within the framework of reference." The amount of "correlation" and "coordination" imposed by "directives" is prodigious. Much of the time of bureaucrats, judging from the "directive," is given over to "evaluating" the "phase" of a problem.

Almost never does a government official get a telephone call from the boss, saying, "Project A in your division is moving too slowly; please speed it up." More likely he would get an inter-office memorandum, "Urgently recommending a reconsideration of the rate of process-

ing in the light of all the related and unrelated factors, with due regard for the original frame of reference."

I am not attempting to belittle the work done by the government departments and agencies. I am merely calling attention, as Mr. Maverick has done, to the needless pomposity and ambiguity of the official idiom.

Until Mr. Maverick tilted his lance at gobbledygook, its practitioners in the Government scarcely ever heard an official voice raised in criticism. President Roosevelt once poked fun at a set of black-out regulations drafted by James M. Landis, former dean of the Harvard Law School, while he was director of the Office of Civilian Defense. Reading out to his press conference such typical gobbledygook as "terminate all illumination," the President remarked slyly, "that means turn out the lights." Secretary Harold L. Ickes, of the Department of the Interior, something of a purist and a master of invective, recently informed his underlings that he didn't want to have the word "directive" mentioned in his hearing or used in any report, letter, or memorandum.

When Mr. Maverick, having recently become chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, saw what kind of language his associates were using, he decided it was time to issue a memorandum to end verbosity and pomposity.

He offered four pointed suggestions:

"1. Make up a Gobbledygook Dictionary, and make it unpopular to use any word on the list.

"2. Try to keep sentences under twenty words, certainly under twenty-five.

"3. Don't make the memo a sermon or prolonged lecture or a display of 'book' learning.

"4. Use the telephone for a short conversation if the other fellow isn't busy, and is not a crab."

The response has been widespread. Not only did it make Mr. Maverick's fellow bureaucrats language-conscious, but the Texan's rebuke evoked a wave of approval from the public, particularly from those harassed citizens who had been struggling with income tax forms and regulations, with OPA orders, and the complex decrees of WPB.

Well, as I said before, the bureaucrats are disturbed. At the recent meeting of the gobbledygook writers, committees and sub-committees were formed and a seminar of instruction courses by Dr. Rudolph Flesch, an eminent savant of the OPA, whose title is "grammar researchist," was seriously discussed. Perhaps nothing more will come of this than a "directive" on "reducing the use of gobbledygook" to a "minimum content in all memoranda on the policy level."

SIGN

ed and  
rd fortle the  
depart-  
calling  
one, to  
biguitys lance  
in the  
an offi-  
resident  
set of  
James  
Harvard  
ctor of  
leading  
typical  
lumina-  
slyly,  
' Secre-  
artment  
purist  
ntly in-  
didn't  
men-  
in anyrecently  
er War  
kind of  
ing, he  
memo-  
mposity.  
estions:  
Diction-  
use anyunder  
twenty-sermon  
play ofort con-  
't busy,

espread.

verick's  
conscious,a wave  
particu-ns who  
me taxorders,  
PB.bureau-  
at meet-s, com-  
formedurses by  
t savant

rammar

ed. Per-  
of thising the  
minimum

e policy



*Castles in Spain beckon Don Juan, legitimate Bourbon heir, shown above with his wife, Maria, their children, Princess Pilar, Princess Margarita, and Prince Juanito. Left: General Francisco Franco*

## A King For Spain?

By WILLIAM P. CARNEY

**N**OW that Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill has provoked fresh controversial discussion of how the Franco regime in Spain should be classified and dealt with by the United Nations—and with the dissenting opinions of President and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt already on record—it would be wise to sift the reliable information that is available about this regime and the ambitions of its head.

In the first place, a glance at the record since the early days of this war's history should be illuminating as to whether the President and his wife have grounds for being less satisfied than Mr. Churchill is with Spain's neutrality under General Franco's guidance. Especially should Franco's intentions be analyzed—the question of whether he really wants to restore the monarchy or is actually opposing every move of Spanish royalists to place a crown on the head of Don Juan, the legitimate Bourbon heir.

Churchill indicated plainly, in his recent speech to the House of Commons, that he did not regard Franco's neutral-

ity as menacing or unfriendly to the Allies. He emphasized that the "internal political arrangements in Spain are a matter for the Spaniards themselves, and it is not for us to meddle in these affairs." He had just previously stated that Italians should be allowed to choose "whatever form of democratic government they desire, whether monarchical or republican."

To the great annoyance of American Communists, fellow travelers, pseudoliberals, and other left-wing groups marching together behind a phony "anti-Fascist" banner, Churchill also said: "I am here to speak kindly words about Spain. Some people think that our foreign policy toward Spain is best expressed by drawing comical or even rude caricatures of General Franco. But Spain might have wrecked Allied

**It is probable that Don Juan, son of the late King Alfonso, may mount the Spanish throne**

plans for the North African invasion. If the Spaniards had interfered, the Strait of Gibraltar would have been closed, and all access to the Mediterranean would have been cut off from the West, and the Spanish coasts would have become a nesting place for German U-boats."

The efforts of propagandists in this country and Britain to misrepresent General Franco as a Nazi puppet have been tireless. His position is said by them to grow daily more precarious because of alleged threats from both monarchist sympathizers in his own military structure and republican sympathizers in a presumably well-organized and widespread underground. Yet notwithstanding all this, the British Prime Minister has relied confidently on the reports from Madrid of the British Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, who is still convinced that General Franco is an honorable, trustworthy person to negotiate with, and that in his heart, like the majority of Spaniards, he is definitely pro-British—rather than pro-Nazi.

It is conveniently forgotten by the

Reds fellow travelers, etc., that Russia helped the Spanish Communists in Spain's civil war, just as Italy and Germany helped the varied and even somewhat conflicting factions who supported Franco. Apparently the Roosevelts have forgotten, and the Reds and fellow travelers hope the American public will forget, too. These latter will never forgive Franco for winning the war, in spite of the substantial help given the "loyalists" by Russia, and an extremely clever propaganda campaign that hoodwinked a very large number of Americans into believing the Spanish Marxists really favored religious tolerance.

The true picture of Spain's position in the war today is well known to our State Department and the military directors of our invasion strategy, but they are too busy now to refute all the deliberately misleading rumors about actual conditions, or the distorted versions of what really happened and the true roles played by political leaders before the Spanish Civil War broke out.

At the very beginning of hostilities, the "Loyalists" seized \$700,000,000 in gold from the vaults of the Bank of Spain in Madrid and hustled it out of the country as fast as they could. They sent much of it to Russia, but at least \$300,000,000 in gold was shipped to Mexico. The custody of most of this money seems to have been assumed by Juan Negrin, who was the last Premier of Red Spain. Over the protests of one of his former cabinet members, Indalecio Prieto, he continues to use quite a bit of it to finance propaganda in the United States favoring Franco's overthrow. Prieto's pockets evidently have remained well-lined, too, since he fled

to Mexico. But his chief objection to the way Negrin disburses funds from the war chest appears to be based on the odd charge that Negrin is abandoning his Socialist pals and Left-Republican ideology for pure Communism!

It is true that Franco has headed an authoritarian government since the end of the civil war in Spain, because he believed that type of regime could more quickly bring about the economic recovery which was the paramount need of a ravaged country. But no passionate Leftist champion of democracy here in these days ever mentions that Brazil and virtually all our good neighbors in Latin America have governments that are equally, if not more authoritarian.

**M**R. CHURCHILL undoubtedly knows that General Franco always has been a monarchist and, therefore, stories circulated from time to time about his repressive measures against royalist generals supposed to have been caught plotting against him, or his desperate opposition to any movement for a restoration of the monarchy, are sheer nonsense. The British Prime Minister certainly must have been accurately informed, also, that as a matter of fact Franco seriously debated whether the right moment had not arrived, fully a year ago, to enthrone Don Juan, third son of the late King Alfonso XIII.

Don Juan celebrated his thirty-first birthday on June 20 this year. He was educated at the British naval school at Dartmouth, after earlier training at the San Fernando naval academy in Cadiz—the Spanish Annapolis. He is said to be extremely pro-British, anti-Axis, and even anti-Fascist. Should he become

king, he would be known as Juan III. His mother was Princess Victoria Eugenie, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She was married to King Alfonso in 1906. By him she had six children—Prince Alfonso, Princess Beatriz, Prince Jaime, Princess Maria Cristina, Prince Juan, and Prince Gonzalo.

Don Juan is said to have been a favorite of his mother, who always remained intensely British, and he in turn had a special affection for her. That unquestionably contributed to his liking for British ways—a liking which his education in England did nothing to diminish. After Alfonso's overthrow in 1931, Queen Victoria made her home in England.

The eldest son of the Spanish royal family—Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, born in 1907—never enjoyed good health, and it was thought likely that he would renounce his right to the crown even before his father was deposed, with the advent of the second Spanish Republic. In fact, Juan was the only one of the four *infantes* who did not suffer from hemophilia, a malady inherited by some of the male offspring of daughters and granddaughters of Britain's great Queen Victoria.

Before ill health could force his renunciation, however, Prince Alfonso developed marked playboy tendencies and cheerfully forfeited his royal rights in 1933, when he married a Cuban commoner. Then he was killed a few years later in an automobile accident in Miami, Fla. A similar fate befell his youngest brother, Prince Gonzalo.

The second son, Prince Jaime, was born stone deaf and spoke only with extreme difficulty. Following the marriage of Prince Alfonso, Prince Jaime renounced in favor of the third son, Prince Juan. When Juan reached his twenty-first birthday in 1934, he was named Prince of the Asturias. In 1933 he married Princess Maria Mercedes of the Two Sicilies (as the old kingdoms of Sicily and Naples were called), a branch of the house of Bourbon-Anjou.

After the death in exile of his father three years ago, the title of Prince of the Asturias was transferred to Don Juan's eldest son, Juan Carlos, who is now 6 years old, and the pretender to the Spanish throne prefers to be known for the time being simply as the Count of Barcelona.

At the time of his son's marriage, ex-King Alfonso bought for him a somewhat austere, gray stone house in Switzerland called the Villa Les Rocailles, which was the property of the former President of the Swiss Confederation, Louis Ruchonnet. Don Juan's mother, the former Queen Victoria, rarely visited him here until about a year ago, when it was noted that her



Prime Minister Churchill—"I am here to speak kindly words about Spain"

International



## Always Right

► Jefferson Randolph, always eager to glean whatever information he could about his famous grandfather, once approached an old man who, in his younger days, had heard Thomas Jefferson deliver arguments in court. "How did my grandfather rank as a speaker?" he asked.

The old man seemed to be having a hard time making up his mind. "It is hard to tell, Mr. Randolph, because, you see, your grandfather always took the right side."

journeys between England and Switzerland were becoming more frequent.

In fact, it was toward the end of June, 1943, that General Franco was reliably reported to be weighing seriously the advantages and disadvantages to be extracted from a monarchical restoration forthwith. Hitler, of course, never made any secret of his opinion that the Bourbons were "the hereditary enemies of Germany." But the fortunes of war then had made it quite evident already that the Axis was headed toward eventual defeat, rather than victory. Franco had to consider whether more would be gained or lost by risking a possible break with Hitler, in order to assure economic help for Spain from Britain and the United States after the war.

Instead of opposing the wishes of his army entourage and other counsellors in his government, however, Franco really yielded in the end to several cautious minds among them who feared such a move was exactly what the Communists and other left-wing extremists wanted, believing that a liberal, young king would be easy to overthrow after a brief rule. Nevertheless, Franco went right ahead laying plans against the day when this momentous step could be taken with greater safety.

Proof of what his true intentions always have been can be seen in the fact that in January 1941, when he learned that Alfonso's heart ailment was indeed grave, Franco sent an emissary to Rome, where the former monarch was living, and had him execute a formal renunciation in favor of Don Juan. This was necessary to set the record straight—despite Don Jaime's renunciation in favor of Don Juan in 1934—because Alfonso had not abdicated when he fled Spain in 1931. He had merely "suspended" the exercise of his royal power, retaining all his "sacred rights."

In January of this year it was learned that efforts to bring back the monarchy again were being pressed. A group of leading royalists, including top-rank diplomats and army officers, signed a manifesto calling for the enthronement of Don Juan without delay, but General Franco insisted upon a careful, preliminary study, to make sure that the change-over would not imperil Spain's internal government or her foreign relations.

Some of the more impatient monarchists had to be rebuked for their haste, it was reported, but Franco made no attempt to restrain the Duke of Alba, his Ambassador in London and formerly second only to the king among Spanish grandees, from discreetly sounding out British officials to determine what their government's reaction would be to the contemplated move in Madrid. These feelers are understood to have led to serious negotiations that only recently were deadlocked over a very knotty problem—the question of Spain's post-war foreign policy toward Soviet Russia.

Complete agreement between the British and Spanish conferees was said to have been reached on all other vital points, including the character of Spain's continuing neutrality until the end of the war, the desirability of reestablishing the Cortes (representative parliamentary government) and constitutional guarantees for all Spaniards. Also, a recommendation that Spain abandon the Falangist program for the cultural reconquest of South America—chiefly by employing anti-British and anti-Yankee propaganda—was believed acceptable.

**B**UT it was when the question of relations with the U.S.S.R. came up for discussion that the difficulty arose. The British were said to have suggested that a revived monarchy in Spain, while maintaining an uncompromising opposition to Communist ideology, could adopt a "realistic" attitude and resume diplomatic relations with Moscow.

The Duke of Alba and other spokesmen for the Spanish monarchists balked at this, arguing that any distinction between the Communist Party and the Kremlin was purely illusory. They pointed out, too, that this step would certainly be rejected flatly and unequivocally by the Carlists—those intensely Catholic *Requetés* from Navarre and the Basque provinces—and thus the united monarchist front, that was only recently achieved under Franco's leadership on civil war battlefields, might be hopelessly shattered.

Don Juan, it was emphasized, really has the united support now of Spanish monarchists who were divided, long before the beginning of his late father's

reign, into two factions—Carlists and Alfonsists. When the Civil War began in the summer of 1936, Don Juan was vacationing with his wife and their first-born daughter in Cannes, on the French Riviera. He rushed to Navarre and volunteered to fight with the Carlists, who had been mobilized there overnight and immediately went into battle with the same fanatical heroism that their elders had shown in the Carlist wars of the last century. This time the "enemies of God" against whom they marched were twentieth-century Spanish Marxists.

The Count of Rodezno, chief of the Carlist War Junta in Pamplona, stubbornly kept in mind the old dynastic quarrel which forced him to regard Don Juan as the son of a king who had reigned by usurping the rights of another branch of the royal family. He would not accept Don Juan's enlistment without written authorization from the "legitimate King" of the Carlists, Don Alfonso Carlos, a childless octogenarian then living in Vienna.

This authorization had not been obtained in advance by Don Juan, of course, so he proceeded to Burgos and tried to enlist in the army of General Emilio Mola (of Fifth Column fame), but he again was disappointed. General Mola regretted deeply that he could not risk angering the Carlists, who were the first to join the Nationalist forces in large numbers. The net result of these sincere efforts of the young prince to volunteer, however, was that he gained tremendous popularity with the Carlists whose chief had rejected him, as well as with all the other regional groups incorporated in the northern Nationalist forces.

Don Juan even tried once more, in the following year, to fight for the cause he believed to be righteous. Having failed to get himself accepted as a soldier, he wrote several letters to General Franco in April 1937, offering to serve as a trained officer on any of the warships in the small Nationalist Navy.

In reply, Franco expressed warm appreciation of the prince's courageous desire to participate actively in the war, but added that he had no right to risk the loss of a life that "one day will be precious to Spain." He wrote further that Don Juan should reserve himself "for a higher destiny, when you may be called on to bring about the reconciliation of all Spaniards."

A few months previous to this exchange of correspondence, the death in Vienna of Don Alfonso Carlos at the age of eighty-seven, and with no surviving heir, brought to an end the long-disputed Carlist claims to Spain's throne. Even Count Rodezno then recognized Juan's right to wear the crown one day—if and when. . . .

## • Vocational Directory •

### THE RELIGIOUS HOSPITALLERS

founded by Saint John of God, in 1537, A.D., offer to the American boy desirous of consecrating himself to Almighty God in the Religious life, an opportunity to be of very valuable service to the Church and Society, because this Religious Order embraces every form of Catholic Action. Further information can be obtained from:

THE SUPERIOR PROVINCIAL,  
NOVITIATE OF ST. JOHN OF GOD  
2445 South Western Ave., Los Angeles 7, Calif.

### FRANCISCAN

Missionary Brothers  
of the Sacred Heart

devote themselves to caring for the sick and needy. Young men between the ages of 18 and 35, who desire to consecrate their life to God in this service, are invited to correspond with

REV. BROTHER SUPERIOR  
St. Joseph Monastery Eureka, Missouri

### Become A Salvatorian Lay Brother No Studies, No Tuition Required

Join our active and contemplative Society if you wish to consecrate yourself to God as a Lay Brother, devoting your life to prayer and work in the peace and quiet of the monastery.

If you know a trade, place it in the service of God! If you are not skilled in a trade, we shall be glad to teach you one. Develop what is good in you for God's Cause! Ask for information, indicating your age. Address:

VERY REVEREND FATHER PROVINCIAL  
SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE SAVIOR  
Salvatorian Seminary St. Nazianz, Wisconsin

## VOCATIONS

Young Ladies interested in Religious Life are invited to write for interesting booklet on Religious Vocation, published by The Sisters of the Love of Jesus, O.S.B., St. Mary's Priory, 270 Government St., Victoria, B.C., Canada.

Candidates seeking admission to the Novitiate are welcome. There is no age limit.

### THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,  
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

GENEROUS SOULS, who wish to devote their lives to the conversion and education of the Natives of Oceania and to the care of Lepers in the South Sea Islands and in Jamaica, may address the

### MOTHER SUPERIOR

Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary  
St. Therese's Convent Bedford, Mass.

### Is Our Lord calling you to save souls?

The Hospital Sisters of St. Francis care for God's sick and poor that souls may be brought to Heaven. They also have missions in China. Candidates desirous of sharing in this work are invited to write to:

### REV. MOTHER PROVINCIAL

St. Francis Convent Springfield, Illinois



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

### "Molders of Opinion"

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This is something that I have never done before, but I was so disgusted with the last issue of THE SIGN that I must write and tell you about it. I have taken your magazine for twenty-odd years. I have never seen an article so small and catty as that about Drew Pearson. It certainly did not belong in THE SIGN.

I have read "Washington Merry-Go-Round" for many years. I admit that no man is infallible, and Pearson admits it himself, but there are so many things that the public should know, and I am glad that someone has the guts to expose them. You may well believe that if they were not right Pearson would soon be landed into the courts as Mr. Fulton Lewis, Jr., was.

And as to his predictions, did you hear the one about Hill and Pepper? Pretty accurate, what?

JOHN H. MCQUILLEN

Los Angeles, Calif.

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading the first of the series of articles entitled "Molders of Opinion," and I hasten to congratulate you on the presentation of this timely feature.

It is about time the American Public took some time out to investigate the backgrounds of those people whose influence is so widely felt today. As our time and mental capacity are limited, we have grown to rely (more than we realize perhaps) on the opinions of popular commentators. These men are well in-

doctrinated in their special fields and are able to express themselves so convincingly that unless we know "what makes them tick," as you so aptly expressed it, we may be misled.

This is particularly dangerous at the present time when the world is in a turmoil and radical changes seem to be the order of the day.

Since there is so much at stake it behooves us to take more than a passive interest in history in the making, and if we are forced to rely on second-hand information, it would be wise to be familiar with our mentors.

It took THE SIGN to show the way and if other publications will follow the lead we may soon learn that some of the views and opinions we have accepted as our own have not had the proper inspiration.

AGNES M. DOLLAND

Jackson Heights, L. I.

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I note with great interest and appreciation the inauguration of a series of articles on columnists and commentators. I strongly urge that you also publish a series concentrating on American newspapers and magazines, at least the ones with the largest national circulations.

If you were to find it feasible to run a concrete, factual series on such publications, I am certain it would be strongly appreciated, and would clarify tremendously the motives and principles behind the popular press. In these days of confused issues and adulterated news, such a series is an absolute necessity.

In closing, may I say that I have found *THE SIGN* an invaluable and superior source of information. It is a guide both to soul and intellect.

New York City MARY CULLEN

### Waiting for Winchell

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I shall be looking forward to *THE SIGN* and the series of articles called "Molders of Opinion," particularly the one on Walter Winchell. I think it about time the public got wise to this great flag-waver and keyhole-peeper. Like a lot of other news commentators Mr. Winchell gives you the news *he* wants you to hear. He's supposed to be for the underdog, but it all depends on who the underdog is. He has little sympathy for Poland and Finland and would rather glorify Russia.

Like the Reds and their fellow travelers, Winchell has a mortal hatred for Franco, Spain's current dictator, because he won the Spanish war and the Communists lost it.

The next issue of *THE SIGN* cannot reach me too soon. Your very fine magazine deserves a lot of thanks for rendering this service to your readers.

Brooklyn, N. Y. FRANK BRANNIGAN

### For the Missionaries

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed is two dollars for the Far Eastern Missionaries. I have just returned from two years combat service in the Pacific amidst jungles, terrific heat, steamy swamps, and tropical diseases. I know from personal experience some of the difficulties facing our missionaries in those distant lands and in this way I am doing my small share in helping them in their splendid work. May God give them every possible help in this marvelous undertaking.

J. J. K.,  
M/Sgt., U.S.A.A.F.

### Dramatic Criticism

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I enjoy poring through magazines chiefly because of their theatrical features. I've read them all, including those of George Jean Nathan who is reputed to be tops among dramatic reviewers.

Only recently I picked up a copy of *THE SIGN* and read Jerry Cotter's comments. Mr. Cotter is strictly on the beam and I don't think he has to take a back seat to anyone, including Mr. Nathan. Mr. Cotter's account of *Othello* clearly demonstrates his aptitude for keen analysis, and his reviews of the current films certainly make for interesting reading.

Since this was the first occasion for

## IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PADRES

To provide for the needs of the Church in Florida, more and more Priests are needed.

Young men of high school or college age who have a strong missionary vocation in addition to the usual qualifications are invited to apply for admission as seminarians of the Diocese of St. Augustine.

If you have the ambition to serve God as a Priest in America's most historic mission field, to walk in the footprints of the Padres, to be a modern pioneer of the Faith in the smiling Southland, your application will be considered.

#### Requirements:

Strong character—apostolic enthusiasm  
Good health—A or B scholastic rating

Address: The Chancellor,  
Diocese of St. Augustine,  
The Chancery,  
St. Augustine, Florida.

YOUNG LADIES desiring to enter the Religious Life and devote their time and energy to the care of the sick in hospitals may join the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. For particulars write to: Mother Provincial, Mount Alverno Convent, Warwick, N. Y., or to: Sister Superior, St. Francis Hospital, East 142nd Street, New York City.

## Saint Gemma's League of Prayer

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

#### Months of April, May & June, 1944

Masses Heard .....	32,211
Holy Communions .....	41,430
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	95,717
Holy Hour .....	23,154
Spiritual Communions .....	106,058
Benediction Services .....	7,036
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	75,697
Stations of the Cross .....	13,010
Visits to the Crucifix .....	88,848
Beads of the Five Wounds ..	3,507
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	51,393
Visits to Our Lady .....	64,272
Rosaries .....	35,429
Beads of the Seven Dolors ..	4,653
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	3,871,675
Hours of Study, Reading ...	71,928
Hours of Labor .....	34,352
Acts of Charity and Zeal ....	503,902
Prayers, Devotions .....	1,002,921
Hours of Silence .....	114,745
Various Works .....	107,762

Your comments are always welcome

### CARMELITE SISTERS OF THE DIVINE HEART OF JESUS

a new branch of the reformed Carmel, welcome candidates who wish to follow the Little Flower of Jesus and consecrate themselves for the salvation of souls. Kindly apply to  
Reverend Mother Provincial, Carmel D.C.J., Provincial Mother House, 1214 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, Milwaukee, Wis., or to Reverend Mother Superior, Carmel D.C.J., St. Agnes Home, 10341 Manchester Road, Kirkwood, Mo.

### THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE SACRED HEART,

the Order founded by BLESSED MOTHER CARRINI, invite Generous Souls who wish to devote their lives to the service of the poor by teaching, taking care of the sick, and doing social work in our Country and in Mission Lands to apply at the following address:  
REVEREND MOTHER DELEGATE,  
SACRED HEART NOVITIATE,  
West Park, New York

### THE SISTERS OF THE POOR OF ST. FRANCIS

under the inspiration of the gentle Saint of Assisi welcome suitable candidates in their Apostolate of mercy which includes the care of the poor and the sick in their homes and in hospitals. Would you like to consecrate your life humbly and simply to Christ for the poor and afflicted?

Write to: MOTHER PROVINCIAL  
St. Clare Convent Hartwell, Cincinnati, Ohio

### MOST HOLY TRINITY FATHERS

offer to young Men and Boys the opportunity to study for the Order. Lack of Funds no impediment. Candidates for the religious lay-brotherhood also accepted.

For further information write to

Very Rev. Father Provincial, O.S.S.T.  
Sacred Heart Monastery, Park Heights Avenue  
Pikesville, (Baltimore-8), Maryland

### ST. FRANCIS HEALTH RESORT

Established in 1895 by the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother. An up-to-date institution with attractive grounds for convalescents and others in need of rest and mountain air. Mental, drug, and contagious cases not admitted.

Address Sister Superior



## Educational Directory

### ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa.

Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Letters. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the P. R. R.

Address Registrar

### NAZARETH HALL Military School

Grand Rapids, Ohio

A country school for boys in the grades conducted by the Ursuline Nuns. Well-equipped buildings. A mile and a quarter river frontage.

Riding—rowing—all outdoor sports.  
Resident Coach. Terms moderate.

For catalog write the  
Directress, Nazareth Hall Military School  
Ladyglen-on-the-Maumee Grand Rapids, Ohio

### LADYCLIFF COLLEGE

Highland Falls,  
New York

Four-year Course leading to the Degree of B.A., B.S., B. Mus. Ladycliff Academy for GIRLS. Elementary and High School departments. Boys' department for Primary, Intermediate and Grammar Grades.

### MORRIS SCHOOL FOR BOYS

SEARCY, ARKANSAS

Conducted by FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Modern Buildings—Ideal Climate.  
Tuition per month \$35.00. Elementary 5th grade to 8th included.  
Two years high school.

### COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Standard courses in arts and science. Commerce, home economics, pre-medical, medical technology, teacher training, music. B. A. and B. S. degrees.

Address Dean, Convent Station, New Jersey

### ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

New Haven, Connecticut

Conducted by Dominican Sisters.

Resident and Non-Resident Students. Courses in pre-medicine, pre-law and teacher training lead to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Fully accredited, including accreditation by the University of the State of New York. Ninety minutes ride from Grand Central Station, N. Y.  
Address: The Registrar.

### A SUMMER VACATION for YOUR GIRL

#### CAMP MARIA

Situated on Breton Bay About  
Fifty-six Miles from Washington

SWIMMING, ROWING, HORSEBACK RIDING,  
ARCHERY, TENNIS, HIKING, CAMP CRAFT,  
and Other Activities

JUNE 24th to AUG. 12th

SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH  
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY  
LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND

Write for further information

me to read your publication I must say that I was pleasantly surprised and am looking forward toward reading future issues.

Overseas. PFC. MURRAY FREIFELDER

### Pro Pegler

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I hope it isn't too late to get into the Westbrook Pegler controversy, because I have been repressing a desire to say something about the editorial attitude of THE SIGN toward this writer's labor articles.

First, I disagree with THE SIGN and I think Mr. Pegler has wrought a good work for the cause of union labor by exposing the crooks and grafters who have wormed their way into positions of power and high monetary rewards in the labor movement. Insofar as my knowledge of Mr. Pegler's articles goes, I can't say that I have ever read a column from his pen in which he attacked the principle of organized labor, and it seems to me a gratuitous assumption to say that he must be antisocial because he asks that institution to clean house.

I am not prepared to say how valid the historical evidence is, but I have read that every great institution, even the Church, has had a period when ambitious and wholly unscrupulous men have sought and secured the seats of power, and grievous indeed has been the harm thereof.

Bloomfield, N. J. T. J. SHEEHEY

#### Editors' Note:

Readers who have manifested so great an interest in Westbrook Pegler will be pleased to know that THE SIGN will publish an article on this columnist by the famous radio commentator John B. Kennedy in the September issue.

### Redemptorists in South America

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a missionary with some years experience in Brazil, I think that Mr. Pattee is the authoritative voice on Latin America. In his article on "The Church in Latin America" he praised the work of the American Redemptorists in the Brazilian badlands, Mato Grosso. I would like to inform him and all others who follow the trends in South America that the Redemptorists are also operating two gigantic mission projects in the state of Parana in Brazil. The work of the Redemptorists in sprawling Tibagi, Parana, is one of our toughest, but most thorough-going missions. The mission in Ponta Grossa, Parana, is one of our most flourishing.

After paying tribute to the Redemptorists in Mato Grosso Mr. Pattee continues: "What of Paraguay?"—The whole northern segment of that remote and

Letters should not exceed 300 words in length

impoverished land, starting at the southwestern border of Brazil almost down to the city of Concepcion, has been the hard-riding assignment of the Redemptorists for quite some years now. At present we have three vast fields in Paraguay, the nature of the work being the same as that in Mato Grosso.

This is not a "plug" for my confreres. They have handled a herculean job for over a dozen years without benefit of press-agenting. But I feel that no picture of the present religious trends in Brazil and Paraguay is at all complete without a resounding salvo to the American Redemptorists.

A REDEMPTORIST OF THE MATO  
GROSSO VICE PROVINCE  
New York City

### Outspoken and Christian

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Father Griffiths' poignant and beautiful recapitulation of the scene of Calvary, entitled "The Tomb," affected me deeply. How apt we lay people are to forget how great was that sacrifice, that suffering. Father Griffiths brings it home very powerfully.

I must add a word of thanks for the editorial, "An Important Role." It is not the first of many editorials in THE SIGN that have deeply moved me, but editors get so many letters that I am always diffident about writing my appreciation. I read your magazine and the *Catholic World* and I find myself in a constant state of fear that these two outspoken and truly Christian magazines will call down the wrath of certain quarters on their heads. They are proof, along with others, that God has not left Himself without witnesses in this period of Antichrist and anti-Christian trends that are sweeping the world. I pray that the Church will triumph, however bitter and mean the attacks upon her.

Boston, Mass. GIRALDA FORBES

### The Sign Overseas

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just completed reading two recent issues of THE SIGN. I found great reading value and personal enjoyment in the pages of your "national Catholic magazine."

The need for good reading matter is real over here. We do have some spare time for relaxation and rest and a good way to spend it is to read. "Knowledge Is Power."

Your magazine has given me countless hours of reading pleasure. Through your pages we keep in contact with world and national conditions and Catholic thought.

Overseas PFC. ED ROONEY



# Books



## HEADQUARTERS BUDAPEST

By Robert Parker. 345 pages. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.00

Robert Parker has one of the most colorful styles of all the war correspondents. The story he has to tell of his observations and travels in the Balkans is vivid, often shrewd, always interesting.

For five years Parker covered this hotbed of Europe for the A.P. He was an eyewitness of much that happened in Budapest, Bucharest, Prague, Warsaw, Danzig, Bratislava. He tells of Hitler's divide-and-rule policy among Serbs and Croats, Slavs and Czechs, Hungarians and Bulgars, Greeks and Yugoslavs. He tells of the men, the boundary disputes, the paper treaties. He tells of Russian prestige and British intrigues over Rumanian oil, Yugoslav copper, Turkish chrome. His recommendations are that we stay aloof from choosing Eastern Europe's governments. Else we shall drive them into the arms of Soviet Russia. He points out that World War III will start in this region unless the Allies together help these countries economically, technically, educationally.

Some of the judgments made are questionable, e.g. in regard to Poland. Yet as a whole this is an energetic portrayal of a land little understood in America.

FREDERICK O'TOOLE

## POLAND AND RUSSIA

By Ann Su Cardwell. 251 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$2.75

The strident claims of the Soviets to Polish lands east of the Curzon Line have been consistently, persistently, and loudly advanced through an avalanche of propaganda in print and over the air. The case of Poland has become confused in American minds until the issue has seemed to be Polish intransigence vs. the long-suffering magnanimity of a patient Russia.

Here is the case for Poland. Ann Su Cardwell needs no introduction to readers of THE SIGN. Articles from her pen have appeared in these pages. She is not a Pole, not a Catholic, but an American Presbyterian who lived in Warsaw from 1922 to 1939. With but a backward glance at Poland's historic past, Mrs. Cardwell is concerned with Poland's last quarter century. Soberly, almost matter-of-factly, she presents the evidence and

the documents in the case: how the Polish-Soviet boundary was settled by the Riga Treaty in 1921, how Communists infiltrated, how Russia urged Poland to resist a Nazi assault, how Russia double-crossed and won 77,620 square miles, how a plebiscite was engineered, how a million and a half Poles were deported into various scattered parts of Russia and Siberia, how pillage, burning, and killings abound. And through it all, the perfidious thread of Soviet duplicity.

No one who would make an unprejudiced judgment in the Polish-Russian dispute can afford to neglect reading this record of the case.

GERTRUDE SLATER

## TEN YEARS IN JAPAN

By Joseph C. Grew. 554 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75

In his diary Ambassador Grew wrote on November 4, 1941, "War between Japan and the United States may come with dangerous and dramatic suddenness." He had reported the same thing the day before to the Secretary of State. And now at long last the factors and events that led up to Pearl Harbor, as recorded in his diary by our Ambassador to Japan from 1932 to 1942, are released. No doubt it has been well scanned and deleted by the State Department. Yet this book will be the source to which men will have to refer to discover the causes of the Pacific war.

One thing stands out from these pages—America through her Ambassador did all that was humanly possible to avert this war. Grew was a man of perennial hope. With every shake-up in the Japanese Cabinet he hoped that the liberal intellectuals would win over the wild militarists. Yet he repeatedly warned that the Japanese were not bluffing. For this reason he advised against economic sanctions that would only push Japan into war. Yet he felt there was little hope for compromise. Almost to the end the Japanese hoped to win America to their view.

It was a gallant diplomatic struggle Ambassador Grew engaged in, but a futile one. The record is open to all to read and try to understand. Could occasional explanatory footnotes have been added they would have immeasurably aided understanding. But as it stands,

the book must be read by everyone who would know our Pacific enemy.

FRANKLIN WHITE

## MY LIVES IN RUSSIA

By Markoosha Fischer. 269 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75

Of the many books on Russia, most have been written from the outside looking in. Though an author has lived half a lifetime in Russia, he is still a foreigner, an outsider never quite at home. Mrs. Fischer has the advantage of being a Russian by birth, of having lived under the Czarist regime, of having welcomed the bright promises of Sovietism, of having tasted disillusionment. Yet it never seems to have occurred to her that a brackish pool cannot give sweet water. She left Russia in 1939 with great pain in her heart. She loved freedom more than her native land.

The wife of Louis Fischer has written an artlessly candid account of life in Russia—the people, the economic hardships, the Five Year Plans. The awfulness of the purges—when one would telephone around to find if a friend was yet living. The futility of trying to justify dictatorship. The difficulty in getting to America. The longing for an undefined freedom. At the same time a portrait has been written of the modern intellectual—without standards, without the inheritance of wisdom, astonished at its own self-deception. Some may say it is a bitter book. Some may say it is unfriendly. It is bitter against dictatorship. It is unfriendly toward world revolution. But it is sympathetic toward what the author says is true, namely that the Russian people's wish is to keep the Soviet system, providing the Constitution is translated from paper to real life.

PETER VANDERHORN

## REVOLUTIONS IN RUSSIA

By G. R. Treviranus. 303 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$3.00

This book actually consists of two parts. The first is a short history of Russia in the early twentieth century, up to the Communist Revolution of 1917. The second is an account of the "achievements" of the new rulers of Russia, organized not so much chronologically as functionally, according to the various

**PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL**

Portsmouth, Rhode Island  
Conducted by Benedictine Monks  
and Lay Masters.

7th and 8th grades, and high school courses.  
College Preparatory. Classical course, with  
additional opportunities for Mathematics  
and Physics.

All sports including sailing  
Scholarships available

Summer high school. Camp.  
Ages 10 to 17. Farm work,  
Shop, Athletics.

For further information apply to the Registrar.

**GOOD COUNSEL  
COLLEGE**

WHITE PLAINS NEW YORK  
Westchester County

Conducted by the Sisters of  
the Divine Compassion

**FULLY ACCREDITED**

Standard Courses in Arts and Science,  
pre-medical, journalism, teacher  
training, secretarial studies,  
library science, fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location.  
Extensive campus.  
Forty minutes from New York.

**ANNHURST COLLEGE**

R.F.D. 2, Putnam, Conn.

Accredited College.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost  
Standard Courses in Arts and Science,  
Pre-Medical, Teacher Training, Preparation  
for Social Service, Secretarial Science,  
Music and Painting.

**IMMACULATA  
JUNIOR  
COLLEGE**

Washington, D.C.

SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory.  
Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: Box 25

An accredited Catholic Institution  
for Women. Sisters of  
Providence of St. Mary-of-  
the-Woods. Resident and Day  
Students. 2 year transfer  
course in Liberal Arts. Ter-  
minal courses in Home Crafts,  
Secretarial Science, General,  
Fine Arts.

**ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY**

Portland, Maine

A select boarding school and day school, con-  
ducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Accredited by the  
Catholic University of America, the State Depart-  
ment of Education and by the New England Col-  
lege Entrance Board. Beautifully situated three  
miles from the city, in extensive grounds. Ele-  
mentary and High School Departments.

Address Directress

RESIDENT AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

**HOLY ROSARY ACADEMY**

Approved by the Department of Public Instruction of New Jersey  
COLLEGE PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL AND ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENTS  
BOYS ACCEPTED IN ELEMENTARY GRADES

**REGISTRATION DAILY**

1509 Bergenline Ave., Union City, N. J.

Union 7-1376

**ACADEMY OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT**

Tuxedo Park, New York

Founded 1847

Accredited by the Middle States Association

Chartered by the Regents

A country school for girls twelve to eighteen years.

Intensive College Preparatory and General Courses, Art, Music, Dramatics.

Organized Athletics

Catalogue on request

**College of New Rochelle**

New Rochelle, New York

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees

Accredited by the Association of American Universities

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station New York City

**COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT**

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees

Accredited by the Association of American Universities

Campus  
bordering  
Hudson River

One half hour from  
Grand Central Station  
New York City

Address Secretary

**SETON HILL COLLEGE GREENSBURG  
PENNSYLVANIA**

Pre-Professional Training For Medicine, Law,  
and Social Service. Teacher Education.

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

Accredited by Association of American Universities

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

realms of social and cultural life. There  
is a conclusion where the probable fu-  
ture of Russia is discussed.

According to the author, Hitler's at-  
tack has forced the Russian peasants into  
a compulsory solidarity with the govern-  
ment; otherwise, friction between the  
peasants and the Kremlin would al-  
ready have come to the open. When this  
war is over, the peasant revolution will  
come upon the scene, and the outcome  
will be a change from collectivization to  
co-operative development. This revolu-  
tion will not undermine Russia's power-  
ful position in the world, which is viewed  
by the author in the framework of  
*Geopolitic*: all the world will be organ-  
ized around Russia in the concentric  
zones of interference, infiltration, and  
information. The lesson drawn from the  
Russian revolutions, past and to come,  
is this: the Christians have to stress so-  
cial justice by the free will of man; then,  
the world will become actually Christian,  
and both Communism and Liberalism  
will be overcome.

The book comprises much valuable  
information, but unfortunately also  
quite a few errors like this: according  
to the author, Belorussia was made an  
autonomous republic after the Stalin-  
Hitler partition of Poland, while, in  
actuality, since 1923 Belorussia was one  
of the constituent republics of the Soviet  
Union. Many Russian names are spelled  
in the German manner. On the other  
hand, there are good suggestions for  
further reading.

N. S. TIMASHEFF

**TRIUMPH OF TREASON**

By Pierre Cot. 432 pages. Ziff-Davis  
Publishing Company \$3.50

Pierre Cot was a member of the Cab-  
inet of the Popular Front government  
of France, as Minister of Aviation. In  
the Riom trial of 1940 he was one of  
the absent defendants, having fled to  
England and then to the United States  
after the fall of France. This book is  
his defense of himself and his fellow  
defendants. It is, however, more than  
an attempted refutation of the charge  
that he, with Blum, Daladier, and the  
others tried at Riom, were responsible  
for the defeat of the French armies; it  
is, more importantly, a condemnation of  
Pétain, Laval, and other French leaders,  
linked together by the author by the  
common characteristic of having always  
been pro-Fascist or pro-Nazi, and anti-  
democratic, willing to sacrifice the Re-  
public for the sake of opposing the  
Popular Front.

The author's contention is that the  
Popular Front government was the only  
government truly representative of the  
French people in recent years. If its  
policy—a strong alliance with Russia,  
aviation bases in Czechoslovakia, effec-



# "GOING MY WAY"



The most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable picture of the year.

Bing Crosby as Father O'Malley, the new curate, gives the finest performance of his career.

When he arrives at St. Dominic's things begin to happen—but always end the right way—and well, come over and see for yourself!

Father Fitzgibbon, the Pastor, will be wanting to tell you all about Father O'Malley—and, incidentally—sell you an extra book of chances for the Bazaar!

Barry Fitzgerald is unforgettable, in his greatest characterization, as the lovable "old-fashioned" Pastor.

The beautiful voice of Rise Stevens of the Metropolitan Opera Association and a "choir" that's certain to win your heart!

A story you will chuckle over and talk about for a long time to come.

Presented by  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

with  
**BING CROSBY**

**BARRY FITZGERALD**

**FRANK McHUGH • JAMES BROWN • JEAN HEATHER • GENE LOCKHART  
PORTER HALL • FORTUNIO BONANOVA**

*and the Famous Contralto of Metropolitan Opera Assn.*

*Produced and Directed by*

**RISÉ STEVENS • LEO McCAREY**

**B. G. DESYLVA** *Executive Producer • Screen Play by Frank Butler and Frank Cavett*

**ST. GENEVIEVE-OF-THE-PINES**

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Distinctive—Accredited

**JUNIOR COLLEGE — HIGH SCHOOL  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

Address: Sister Registrar

Secretarial, Liberal Arts, Home Economics  
Courses, College Preparatory and Terminal  
Curricula, Boarding and Day**"IN THE LAND OF THE SKY"****FLORIDA****St. Leo College Preparatory School**

Conducted by the Benedictine Fathers

Is the only Catholic Boarding High School  
for Boys in the State of Florida, Teaching  
Seventh Grade Through High School.  
Accredited.For complete information address  
Father Director, St. Leo, Florida**Saint Mary-of-the-Woods**In the inspiring environment of this accredited  
standard college, girls acquire cultural knowledge  
and career skills. B.A. and B.S. degrees. Music,  
art, commerce, secretarial training, journalism,  
home economics, teacher training, speech and  
radio. Beautiful buildings, spacious campus. Arch-  
ery, tennis, riding, swimming. Catalog.  
Box 44, SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.**DELBARTON SCHOOL**

Country DAY and BOARDING SCHOOL for BOYS

Conducted by Benedictine Fathers.  
Massive granite structure; 400 acres; lake; all  
sports; small classes; supervised study. 6th to  
10th Grades. Accredited.Address: Secretary, Delbarton School,  
Morristown, New Jersey. Phone: MO. 4-3231.**COLLEGE MISERICORDIA**Dallas, Pennsylvania. A Residential and  
Day College for the Higher Education of  
Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy of  
the Union, chartered by the State of Pennsylv-  
ania, fully accredited by Regional and National  
Associations. Apply to Registrar.**FORDHAM UNIVERSITY**

NEW YORK CITY

Founded in 1841 Conducted by the Jesuits

At Fordham Road, Bronx, New York 58, N. Y.

Fordham College, Boarding and Day  
School on Seventy Acre Campus. New  
Freshman Class Starts July 11, 1944  
Fordham College, Evening Division  
College of Pharmacy  
Graduate School of Arts and Sciences  
Fordham Preparatory School

At 302 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

School of Education  
School of Law  
School of Business

At 134 East 39 St., New York 16, N. Y.

School of Social Service  
Summer Session—Graduate and Under-  
graduate Courses—July 5-August 14**ACCELERATED PROGRAMS  
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS**

Write for Announcements. Specify Department

tive military assistance to the Spanish Republicans, financial reforms in France, especially the close control of the Bank of France by the Cabinet—had been followed there would have been no disastrous defeat of the French armies. In fact, there would likely have been no war with Germany.

The book is long and detailed, the arguments backed up with statistical tables, and, on the whole, the same line of reasoning used by Blum at the actual trial is repeated. It is a good presentation of the party-line defense of the Popular Front, and of the party-line attack on Pétain. But it cannot be recommended as a dispassionate history of contemporary France. It must be accepted as the special pleading of a particular group defending its policies and practices.

PETER QUINN, C.P.

**PLEA FOR LIBERTY**By George Bernanos. 272 pages. Pan-  
theon Books. \$3.00

Bernanos, the explorer of the conscience of the saint in his novels, *The Diary of a Country Priest* and *The Star of Satan*, voices in these imaginary letters to the English, the Americans, and the Europeans, the conscience of the people of France and through them of all Europe. As one who retired to the depths of Brazil after the "shame of Munich," he writes of the shame revealed in the fall of France, which he sees as a "tragedy of conscience" not only of France, but of the whole Western world.

The shame of the people he finds in their "abandoning the risk of freedom in the hope of security," closing their eyes to the decay of their society until, in the case of France, the crash came. The shame of the ruling elite lay in their losing touch with the people until a fatal breach, developed between them, and they could betray the people with a clear conscience. And the shame, the scandal, of the Christians: for acting as though that were a Christian society which is "unable to fulfill its duties even to the point of dragging its members into panic catastrophe . . . the anarchy of Christian consciences which the war suddenly stripped bare."

But now that "the Pagan State is restored to life," Bernanos is persuaded that "Europe is at the end of illusions and lies." Certain that the only chance lies in the "enkindling of spiritual forces," he looks in the end to the Church: "When the time comes He will post His Church against the wall, having cut off every avenue of escape, to the right, to the left, behind; and His Church will push against the obstacle with all her might, with all the heroism of the Saints, as well as with all the dead weight of the mediocre." With all the rhetoric of an impassioned con-

science, Bernanos warns us the time may be closer than we think.

Especially mention should be made of the effective rendering of the French style which Mr. Harry Lorin Binsse has achieved and of the handsome book Pantheon has produced.

OTTO BIRD

**GERMANY: A SELF PORTRAIT**By Harlan R. Crippen. 477 pages.  
Oxford University Press. \$3.75

A somewhat singular book which looks like an anthology of German writings, but its anthological aspect is merely functional to a deeper purpose. The author wrote a brief chronicle of Germany from 1914 to 1943 and then ingeniously interlaced it with revelatory excerpts from German writers who had warned the nation from within of the cataclysm which was to engulf it. Thus, the book is a condemnation of Germany by its own people. These writers, who represent a cross-section of German thought for the past thirty years, afford the most revealing picture yet of that unfortunate country.

No mere braid or broadcloth, this book is genuine homespun and may be tagged "made in Germany." It does much to answer some of the plaguing problems as to how this war began and what is to be done with that war-be-deviled nation after she is conquered. Mr. Crippen insists that "the obscene and criminal Third Reich is intelligible not in terms of blood-thinking but only as the manifestation of the profound maladjustments in German society." He is not an appeaser but is one who insists that some of the current hysterical shouting about exterminating the German nation because it is "paranoiac by heredity, evil by nature, or dictator-loving by blood" is fraught with disaster. The Allies must do some level-headed thinking. "In this book will be found a Germany which must be crushed beyond any possibility of revival, and no less important, a Germany to respect and save."

BONIFACE BUCKLEY, C.P.

**DURABLE PEACE**By Ross J. S. Hoffman. 120 pages.  
Oxford University Press. \$1.75

In between the locked-door policy of isolationists and the one-world idealism of super-internationalists, there is a firm middle ground on which American foreign policy can be built. This book is an endeavor to define such a policy as will be "at once an expression of our national tradition and a contribution to the organization of a secure and durable peace."

Mr. Hoffman's contention is that the ideology of neither the last war nor the peace was explained realistically to the

American public. Our tradition is not a crusading gospel of democracy to be enforced on the whole world, but a devotion to our republican institutions and way of life. Our war efforts and peace plans must be kept within the framework of this tradition and the limits of our specific national interests, not dissipated on utopian general purposes and doctrinaire politics and sociology.

The end of our policy must be to obtain security in the immediate future. To obtain this we must plan "to organize the peace of the Atlantic community, to make safe the world's great artery, to retain the co-operation of Russia." In basic formulation, Mr. Hoffman is in agreement with Mr. Walter Lippmann. Mr. Hoffman would advocate a community of nations bordering both sides of the Atlantic. He is emphatic on the need of co-operation with Russia if there is to be lasting peace. Like Mr. Lippmann, he pleads for realism in dealing with Poland. He thinks it better for us to let Russia absorb Karelian Finland, the Baltics, Poland east of the Curzon line, Bukovina, and Bessarabia as the price for keeping Russia out of Central Europe and the Balkans. His argument is very pragmatic indeed. To be sure, we cannot force Russia. Neither can we afford to stifle the voice of protest at the murder of moral right.

This is a clear, forceful, well-thought-out analysis of the part we Americans must play in the world after the war. It is unfortunate that it should be marred by any recommendation fathered by expediency.

MARION DUDLEY ATHERTON

## AMERICA

By Stephen Vincent Benét. 122 pages. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.50

## THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA

By André Maurois. 428 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50

On two points, and perhaps only on two points, do these two books tread common ground: they both have for subject matter American history, and each has only praise for the America whose history it tells.

*America* is the last work Stephen Vincent Benét wrote before his death, and he wrote it at the suggestion of the O.W.I. A short, interpretive history was wanted for translation into other languages, a history that would unlock the secret of America to foreign minds. The result is a popular, a poetic story of America from the founding of Jamestown to the present. The theme is the traditional liberal, democratic, generous idealism of Americans, and it is woven with loving enthusiasm throughout the sketch of facts. It is not one of Benét's great works. It is not adequate history.

It is not even a good story to tell a foreigner; it presupposes too much knowledge of our history on his part. But it is a good presentation of the American spirit. And after all, that was Benét's chief aim.

André Maurois, on the other hand, has written history primarily. From this history as a by-product or as a conclusion, he stands back and marvels at *The Miracle of America*—the miracle of its rapid growth, the miracle of its power, the miracle of its spirit. Added to this it is palatable, or readable if you prefer. (Reviewers seem never to tire of saying Maurois' works are readable, so deftly does he handle words.) A wide knowledge has been brought to bear in assembling this account of America from its discovery down to the Roosevelt generation. In form it follows its predecessor, *The Miracle of England*. In spirit, there is a certain aloofness—which is an advantage to objective evaluation. Yet when this aloofness vanishes, as when he tells of the part France played in our Revolution, the writing becomes colorful and enthusiastic. From a historian's viewpoint, one of the chief merits of this book is that it correlates important phases of American history with the European scene.

AUSTIN E. SMITH

## THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER

By George Fort Milton. Little, Brown & Company. 327 pages. \$3.00

What is the nature of the office of President of the United States? How have its powers been interpreted by our Presidents? How often and in what ways have the limits of Presidential authority been overstepped? These are the questions which the author of this work sets out to answer, and in which considerable interest has been aroused by events of the past few months.

Mr. Milton conceives the Presidential office as comprising six distinct roles, namely: chief of state, chief of foreign relations, chief of government, commander-in-chief of military forces, head of a political party, and spokesman of public opinion. Using these as bases of investigation, he singles out for special study the names of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt. He describes the course taken by these and other Presidents in making use of the power they possessed or felt they possessed, and the opposition they met with from the Congress of their day. He shows quite convincingly that some of them, notably Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson, exercised authority in a way that would have shocked even nonconservatives of our own day.

Our advertisers appreciate your patronage

## LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

EFFECTIVE college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools. Small classes. Well-equipped buildings on 167-acre Long Island estate. Pool and ocean swimming. 9-hole golf course. R.O.T.C. Junior Dept., 58th year. Moderate rate. Catalog. Address Registrar, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

## ACADEMY OF SAINT JOSEPH

IN-THE-PINES

Brentwood, Long Island New York  
Boarding School for Girls. Elementary and High School Departments. Affiliated with the State University. Complete courses in Art, Vocal and instrumental Music, Commercial Subjects. Extensive Grounds, Athletics, Horseback Riding, Outdoor Skating Rink

Address Directress

## MOUNT ST. JOSEPH

Boarding School for Your Boy

Conducted by Brothers of St. Francis Xavier since 1876. Students from East to West coast. Central and So. America. Scientific, Classical, and Business courses—GRADES 7-12. Accredited by Middle States Association and Maryland. All major sports, band, orchestra. Directed study and play.

Address: Headmaster, Box H, Irvington, Baltimore 23, Md., for catalog.

## MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY

Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.

Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Grade 6 through High School. State Accredited. Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General Courses—Pre-Flight Aeronautics. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

## Caldwell College for Women

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic

CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

Offering A.B. and B.S. Degrees  
Teacher and Secretarial Training

## MT. GALLITZIN ACADEMY

Boarding School for Boys Baden, Penn.

20 Miles West of Pittsburgh

Address Directress

## COLLEGE OF OUR LADY OF THE ELMS CHICOPEE, MASS.

For the higher education of women. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to confer collegiate degrees. Affiliated with the Catholic University of America. Registered by the University of the State of New York. Membership in the Association of American Colleges and New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Resident and non-resident students

## REGIS COLLEGE

Weston, Massachusetts

Conducted by Sisters of Saint Joseph  
Offering A.B. and B.S. degrees

Standard Pre-professional Courses for preparation for Teacher-Training, for Secretarial Science, for Home Economics, for Social Service and Pre-medical are offered.

For catalog, address the Registrar



# THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT

The first revision of the English of our New Testament in 190 years. It has been prepared under the direction of the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

THE SIGN is co-operating with the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine by offering its readers an opportunity to secure this basically important book directly through THE SIGN. Every Catholic home should have a copy of the New Testament which should be read by its members regularly. Secure your copy by returning the attached coupon to THE SIGN.

## THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which send me the following copies of the New Testament:

.....copies Confraternity Edition at \$1.25—flexible cover, imitation leather, red edges.

.....copies Guild Edition at \$3.50—flexible black leather, Levant grain, full gilt edges.

.....copies Gift Edition at \$5.00—flexible cover, Morocco grain leather, full gilt edges, inside edge of cover hand tooled.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## BUYING BOOKS

The Book Service Department of THE SIGN is prepared to give prompt attention to your book orders. Books of all publishers can be secured by ordering them from

### THE SIGN BOOK SERVICE DEPT.

MONASTERY PLACE

UNION CITY, N. J.

Please add five cents to price of book for postage

## SAVE DEFENSE STAMPS FOR THE MISSIONS

Here is a mission activity for the whole family—TODAY. AFTER VICTORY we will convert these stamps into funds to educate a native Chinese seminarian to the priesthood.

SEND THIS

COUPON

FOR YOUR

SPECIAL

HOLDER

WITH

ALBUM

NATIVE SEMINARY FUND

MY DEFENSE ALBUM

FOR

GOD AND COUNTRY

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

NATIVE SEMINARY FUND—The Sign—Union City, N. J.

Our advertisers appreciate your patronage

This book is, on the whole, a worthwhile and interesting study. Its picture of the American scene is quite frank and objective, and its character analysis, especially in the case of Wilson, penetrating and clear. It conveys a vivid impression of the enormous power that can be wielded for better or for worse by the man whom the American people shall have chosen as Chief Executive.

CONSTANTINE PHILLIPS, C.P.

## OMNIPOTENT GOVERNMENT

By Ludwig von Mises. 291 pages. Yale University Press. \$3.75

The world wants peace. The world wants social advance. The world wants many good things. There is one solution for all these wants—capitalism, the old-fashioned capitalism of laissez-faire. All the ills of society are traceable to government interference with private enterprise. The creed of "etatism," omnipotent government, or "statolatry," is to blame for bureaucracy, imperial militarism, Fascism, Communism, Nazism, war. This is the thesis Professor von Mises develops with confident logic and brilliant defense. The case history to prove his point is Germany. His conclusion: "Under free capitalism and free trade, no special provisions or international institutions are required to safeguard peace." "Government control leads to economic nationalism and thus results in conflict."

The indictment is dismal. The championship is misplaced. The truth lies somewhere in between omnipotent government and scot-free capitalism. The arguments for free trade and the abolition of artificial barriers should be carefully pondered. Certainly the clarity and the fearlessness of Von Mises' argumentation should do much to guide economic thinking, not to his conclusions, but to a re-evaluation of the place government should have in society. For these reasons, this is an important, even a great book.

GEORGE LYNN

## THE CONDITION OF MAN

By Lewis Mumford. 467 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.00

That man is a person and not a cog in a machine, that man is a creature of history whose past never leaves him, that man of today has been slipping back from freedom into automatism, from civilization to barbarism—these are the reasons that have prompted the writing of what purports to be Western Man's spiritual history. There can be no criticism of Mr. Mumford on these grounds.

Yet in his reading of history there is afforded ample space for a volume of criticism. Seldom has this reviewer seen in one book so many errors of simple historical facts, so many distortions of what is a matter of record, so much

puerile, shallow bunk (bunk is the appropriate word) pawned off under the aegis of scholarship.

For example: in the Middle Ages the Catholic Church "reluctantly sanctioned a womanly redeemer, nearer to the popular heart than the Holy Trinity—the Virgin Mary." Practically the whole of the Christian culture of the Romanesque period can be best explained "as a neurotic dream phenomenon." The Christ the Church preaches is a distortion and a myth. "The device of priestly absolution" was "a new weapon of power" invented in the ages of faith. There are falsehoods and errors in Scripture. Hell and heaven and the resurrection of the body are dreams. Just dreams. And so on.

Yet in spite of the dogmas Augustine "started" and the "complete museum of the medieval mind" which is the *Summa* of Aquinas, Mumford admits: "At a time when actual living was still often brutal, harsh, foolish, and cruel, the Church embodied nationality and ideal purposes: it gave collective dignity to human life at large as no other institution has ever done for so large a part of the Western World before."

Lewis Mumford gained a reputation for scholarship in his two prior volumes, *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities*—a reputation he has jeopardized in the writing of *The Condition of Man*.

EDWARD R. WOODS

## THE IDEA OF NATIONALISM

By Hans Kohn. 735 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$7.50

Without doubt this is about the most exhaustive and erudite attempt to analyze the origins of nationalism yet published in English. Professor Kohn, at present Sydenham Clark Parsons Professor of History at Smith College, was born in Prague, took his degree as Professor of Law from the University of Prague, was made prisoner by the Russians in the last World War, spent some five years in Turkestan and Siberia, got back to Europe via Japan and the Indian Ocean, finally settling in Palestine. He came to the United States in 1931. Over twenty years have been spent in the study of this most turbulent factor in world affairs—nationalism.

Kohn defines nationalism as "a state of mind, permeating the large majority of a people and claiming to permeate all its members; it recognizes the nation-state as the ideal form of political organization and the nationality as the source of all creative cultural energy and of economic well-being. The supreme loyalty of man is therefore due to his nationality." This force has reached its limit in totalitarianism. The polar opposite of this is universalism, which first

felt the pangs of modern nationalism in the second half of the eighteenth century. But the roots of this nationalism are in the deep past. Professor Kohn writes history from the days of Israel and Hellas to show the development of these roots through the centuries.

The one force that pervades all human history, man's reaching for liberty, is not correlated with nationalism and universalism in this book. This is a major flaw. However, a sequel is to be written that will treat the larger subject of liberty.

There are other flaws, inaccuracies, e.g., that Christ did not consider Himself the Messiah, that universal Christianity was not contemplated by Christ, etc. These are errors in what is otherwise a learned and often absorbing panorama of history.

MARION L. STEVENS

## OUR HIDDEN FRONT

By William Gilman. 266 pages. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.00

Subtitled "The Complete Report on Alaska and the Aleutians," this bit of reporting is not going to be very welcome to higher-ups responsible for the bungling that has gone on in this outpost of America.

William Gilman was the first war correspondent sent to this northerly front. He left Vermont for Alaska in December of '41 and stayed there some eighteen months. What he found on arrival was a land about which there was an appalling lack of information and much misinformation back in the States. The result was bound to be disorganization, incompetence, waste, and confusion mixed up with ineventiveness and heroism.

But this is not a book of gripes. There is good action reporting, especially of the taking of Attu and then the anti-climax of Kiska. There is recognition of the bravery of American troops. There is the observation of Alaska's position in the airways of tomorrow. And there is the recommendation that the path to Japan be not through the Aleutians but through Alaska and Siberia. "The lease value of Russian bases for our lend aid should be obvious." The preference would be to have Russia as an ally in the venture.

A good book that would tell something about Alaska in the war was needed. This is the book.

BERT TANSEY

## BOMBERS

By Keith Ayling. 194 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.50

One of the most amazing revelations to a grown-up is to discover the extent of knowledge mere ten-year-olds have of types of aircraft. Day after day the progress of the war is determined by our bombers. Yet few adult civilians would be able to tell the difference between a

Please order your books through THE SIGN

## THE ROSARY FOR LITTLE FINGERS

Frederick Cook

This two-color volume, companion to the well-loved *Child with Folded Hands* and *The Way of the Cross for Little Feet*, explains the Rosary in winning and simple rhyme. General introductory verses for the three sets of Mysteries are followed by separate rhymes and full-page pictures to illustrate each separate meditation. "Children love rhyme. It is the way to teach them to love the Rosary."—Our Sunday Visitor.

44 pp., paperbound, \$5.00

Dept. 4-562

St. Anthony Guild Press

Paterson 3, New Jersey

Wool-Wave

## WASHABLE SCAPULARS

Made with Woven Rayon pictures by the finest weavers . . . washable therefore sanitary. The first WOVEN Scapular ever offered. Exceptionally tailored . . . brown woolen cloth. White and brown tapes: long white and brown for women; medium brown for servicemen; short white and brown for children. Price \$4.20 per dozen, 35¢ each.

FINDINGS to make into Scapulars: woven pictures, cloth, tapes, thread \$1.50 per dozen. Suitable for servicemen, laity, first communicants, graduates and shut-ins.

WOOL-WAVE SCAPULAR FINDING GUILD  
35 Best Street Buffalo 8, N. Y.

## OBITUARY NOTICE

It has been customary in the past to list in our pages the names of deceased subscribers and mission benefactors as well as the names of their deceased friends and relatives in order to recommend their souls to the prayers of our readers. The paper shortage has forced us to discontinue this practice in order to conserve space.

We request our readers, however, to continue to send us the names of these deceased as in the past. We shall have a Mass said each month for those whose names are sent to us. Those whose names have already been sent in will be included in this monthly Mass.

Boston and a Mosquito. Given such a condition of lack of information, the value of this reliable and surprisingly comprehensive work is evident.

All types of bombers are treated, heavy and light, British and American, patrol and torpedo, Axis and even Russian. The story of bombers is told from the day thirty-two years ago when an English soldier of fortune, Snowden Smedley, flying for the Italians, dropped a 100-pound bomb on the Turks in the Balkan War, down to the hair-raising missions of the present war.

Facts, incidents, illustrations make this a worthy and readable work by an ex-bomber pilot who knows whereof he writes both as to the capabilities and the limitations of bombing aircraft.

HAL FIELDS

#### RETURN OF THE TRAVELLER

By Rex Warner. 208 pages. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00

There has perhaps never been a death, certainly never a soldier's death, but that the question has been asked, "Why did he have to die?" The search for the answer by the ghost of a dead soldier is the substance of the story that first appeared in England under the title, *Why Did I Die?*

With unusually fine prose and with great delicacy, Rex Warner tells of the answers given to the dead soldier's spirit. Sir Alfred Fothey, aristocrat, answers in terms of patriotism. Bob Clark, mechanic, in terms of selfish materialism. A scholarly refugee, in terms of resistance to evil ideas. A soldier from Spain, in terms of a new order on earth. An elderly lady in black, in terms of people's failure to love. Through a flashback technique, the dead soldier sees the events in the lives of each, events that colored each answer and made it unsatisfying. An old priest points out that each response has left out God, that wars will always be till men unite under God, till men understand the worth of each individual soul. Men will have died in vain only if something of the value and joy of life fails to impress those who live.

This is not an ephemeral book. It is one that will live, one that will repay the thoughtful reading that it requires.

DOROTHY BROMFIELD

#### IT ALL GOES TOGETHER

By Eric Gill. 237 pages. The Devin-Adair Company. \$3.50

*It All Goes Together* is a collection of brilliant and penetrating essays on art, education, labor, private property, personality, and peace. The title refers to the manifold interconnections between man's thought and the society he has built—it all goes to show that man cannot proclaim freedom of thought and deny freedom of the will without becom-

ing a slave or at best a mechanism. In industry he has been enslaved by a system that has no place for man as a person; in education he has dedicated his efforts to the business of getting on, throwing in a "spot of art, a spot of poetry and foreign language," because he has been none too sure of the results of his system; and in art he has tried to combine the machine with vision or else turned a means into an end.

Gill is interested in man as a person—that is, as one who has freedom of choice, freedom of vocation, and hence the freedom of responsibility and of sacrifice—and thus he makes art a test of what has been happening to man, because art is a way of working in which man has freedom of vocation and the right to choose the aims to which his work is directed as well as the means by which these aims are to be realized. He believes that a society based on free will inevitably produces artists, that all men in such a society are artists, because they have the right of choice.

Gill's style is sharp and incisive, unmistakably his own, yet all that he says has been said before. This is as it should be, for Gill is interested in views that have been socially determined and are applicable to men living in society. His insistence on freedom of vocation is an adaptation of Plato's justice—the right "to go about the business that is properly man's by nature." His definition of the aim of labor as the glory of God and his sense of the holiness of all labor are implicit in the dogma and in the practices of the Church. These essays have been written for various papers and hence have a great deal of repetition—a little pruning might have helped, though the ideas are good enough to bear repetition.

N. ELIZABETH MUNROE

#### FACTS ON FILE YEARBOOK: 1943

Edited by R. L. Lapica. 593 pages. Person's Index, Facts on File, Incorporated. \$20.00

Contemporary events are happening so swiftly, history is being made so abundantly and so confusingly, that the average person finds it hopelessly bewildering to keep facts straight. Well, here are the facts of the year 1943, all on file, dated, annotated, in one volume with an exhaustive index. Facts on world events, facts on the war, facts on the home front, on Latin America, on finance and economics, on the arts and sciences, on education, on religion, on sports. Even on death notices. The index is so very well done that it takes but a moment to find the item desired.

As William Shirer says in his introduction, "*Facts on File* is the world's day-by-day diary, one of the most indispensable tomes in our language for those who want to get the confusing

Please order your books through THE SIGN

facts of contemporary history straight." If this volume is beyond the reach of the average individual, certainly it should be made available to him in all public, college, and school libraries.

FRANK MITCHELL

#### TAILOR'S PROGRESS

By Benjamin Stolberg. 360 pages. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.75

In this volume Benjamin Stolberg's facile pen paints character portraits of many important men connected with the labor movement in the United States and throws much light on the traditions and problems of American labor. Supposedly writing a biography of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the author repeatedly goes far beyond the confines of this particular field. Mere mention of the characters he paints is sufficient to show this. Among these are: John L. Lewis, William Green, Eugene Debs, Matthew Woll, Louis Brandeis, Max Danish, Morris Sigman, Benjamin Schlesinger, and David Dubinsky.

It is not improbable that the reader will find one of the most useful and interesting things about the volume to be the facts that Stolberg marshals regarding the infiltration and activities of Socialists and Communists in the ranks of organized labor, and his interpretation of the same. So far as the ILGWU is concerned, he concludes: "Today this union is safe from Communist disruption."

The facts given regarding the ethnic composition of the ILGWU are also interesting. For decades Eastern European Jews predominated. Today Italians are in the majority. During the past few decades a very considerable variety of ethnic groups have become increasingly represented.

The ILGWU is said to be one of the richest and most powerful unions of the country, providing not only a high measure of security for its more than 300,000 members but also educational programs, health insurance, vacation benefits, and recreation.

There is a particularly balanced chapter on labor education. The volume will undoubtedly appeal to labor people. It should also appeal to many others.

EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B.

#### MOTHER BUTLER OF MARYMOUNT

By Katherine Burton. 287 pages. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3.00

The effort of a persecuted, misunderstood, and slandered Péré Gailhac in the interest of the rehabilitation and education of a bewildered young womanhood of France, and the foundation of an order that was to grow into a giant oak to shade and comfort the young of nine nations, found its reward, ex-



pansion, and recognition in the Martha-Mary personality of Mother Marie Joseph Butler, Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and Foundress of Marymount.

This is the biography of a young Irish girl who once romped through the hills and iris-bound bogs of Ballynunnery, only to watch with courage, later, the receding shores of her native land as she sailed away to the Midi of France and the Mother House of Béziers. Here, days of loneliness and bitter tears in her struggle to detach herself from the world, were soon lost in the three outward signs of a good vocation: "she slept well, ate well, and laughed well." In six months Johanna Butler disappeared from the world. Before the altar of God, dressed in white, knelt Madame Marie Joseph of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

Only God could know the saga of activity and spiritual influence that was to lie at the feet of this talented creature of God as she swept over two continents with the grace of a queen and the humility of a St. Francis, establishing novitiates, academies, free schools, and colleges for girls, noteworthy of which are, at present: Marymount overlooking the Hudson River, Mariemount in the Neuilly district of Paris, and Mariamonte on the Via Nomentana in Rome.

The life of this tall, talented, and gifted nun, endowed with business acumen, a facility for deputing authority and inspiring leaders to tremendous sacrifices in the development of women of character, is the story of a deeply spiritual woman whose faith, culture, and optimism are outstanding.

Blessed by a keen insight into character and aided by her rich, delightful literary style, Katherine Burton has once more produced a memorable and colorful Catholic work.

EDWARD CLEMENT FABER

#### REVIEWS

OTTO BIRD, PH.D., staff writer for the Center of Information Pro Deo, is Professor of History at St. John's University, Brooklyn.

N. ELIZABETH MUNROE, PH.D., literary critic, author of *The Novel and Society*, is Professor of English at Brooklyn College.

REV. PETER QUINN, C.P., formerly professor of history, is engaged in layman's retreat work at St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., PH.D., Director of the Family Life Bureau of the N.C.W.C., is the author of *Cooperation, A Christian Mode of Industry*, etc.

N. S. TIMASHEFF, PH.D., author of *Religion in Soviet Russia*, formerly of the Polytechnical Institute of Petrograd and of Harvard, is Professor of Sociology at Fordham University.



## Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

### Leave Her to Heaven

By Ben Ames Williams

► Mr. Williams is not content to follow the advice to Hamlet which he has borrowed for his title. He has attempted to draw a full-length likeness of an insatiably evil woman, to judge her, to punish her, and to thwart her attempt to continue wrecking lives even after her death.

Beautiful and willful Ellen Berent has monopolized her father, shutting both his wife and his adopted daughter out of his life. His death leaves her desolate, but, from the moment she first sees the personable and successful young novelist, Dick Harland, she decides that he is very much like her father and must be hers. Inexorable as fate, she makes him hers and tries to keep him exclusively hers. This means systematically stripping him of all other loyalties and interests. To accomplish her mad purpose, she does not stop at murder, three times over, the last her own. Harland, set free, marries her sister. But Ellen has provided for that eventuality in a letter left with her executor. Harland's second wife stands trial for the murder of his first, and he is arraigned as an accessory.

Mr. Williams takes 429 pages to un-reel this incredible, sometimes ridiculous yarn, in curiously plushy prose. Perhaps unconsciously, he owes much to *Rebecca*, more than a bit to *The Little Foxes*. As a study of a psychopathic type, his novel is jejune. As a melodrama to thrill and chill the unsophisticated, it is a sure-fire commercial product. And as a potential movie—wow!

(Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50)

### Fair Stood the Wind for France

by H. E. Bates

► The five remaining novels reviewed here this month deal with the war. Two are translations. The best written of the lot is Mr. Bates'. So well fashioned is it, so deftly turned, that one is inclined to overestimate it.

It tells of the crew of a British bomber forced down in France. In the emergency landing John Franklin, the pilot and the only commissioned officer aboard, is hurt. But, with the four sergeants under his

command, he at once begins an attempt at escape. After walking some distance, the Englishmen come upon a mill and are sheltered by the family living there. Franklin's injured arm grows worse. This circumstance further endangers the crew of the wrecked bomber and furthermore puts into acute peril the people who are harboring them.

The sergeants get away; Franklin perforce stays behind until he is better able to travel. This he does not altogether regret, for he has fallen in love with the daughter of the household, and she with him. Complications come thronging, with Franklin's affliction getting worse, the Nazis shooting hostages in the neighborhood, and a treacherous townsman growing suspicious of the doings at the mill. With the girl, Franklin makes a risky journey through France toward the Spanish frontier. Climactic jeopardy awaits them.

This outline would indicate that Mr. Bates' thriller resembles dozens of others. Superficially it does. But it is tightly woven, expertly finished, and shot through with perception and reflection absent from other stories of its kind. For example, the limning of a French town demoralized by defeat is brilliant. But it is unfortunate that the book should be marred in that the love affair of Franklin and the girl is too outspokenly treated, and the airmen's unthinking use of Our Lord's name is endlessly reported.

(Little, Brown. \$2.50)

### The Firing Squad by F. C. Weiskopf

► The disintegration of a small group of German soldiers is starkly delineated by Mr. Weiskopf. These men are stationed in Prague while the war against Russia is going first badly, then disastrously, for the Reich. A young Sudeten Nazi, Hans Holler, is the narrator. He and his associates are engaged in the brutal, and hopeless, task of cowering the people of Czechoslovakia.

Although there is plenty of sensational action in the story, one's interest is chiefly in the minds of the soldiers as the inevitability of defeat and retribution comes home to them.

Dear Members:

Like a drop of quicksilver, a penny shimmers in the palm of your hand. It quivers in its eagerness to get away. Elusive as a wisp of air, with dancing, elfish mischievousness in every movement, it poises for the escape.

Then, with no more "good-by" than the coy smile of an artful child, it is gone, vanished. The startling suddenness of its going leaves you breathless. A sigh would have left a wider wake; a wink would have caused a more noticeable ripple in the ether waves.

The sibilant passage of the miscreant penny is a disturbing reminder of the unstableness of all things mundane. A moment ago that tiny coin was a solid link with the practical things of life. You could close your fist on it. It gave you a grip on something very real.

And yet not all is lost. True, paltry and unlovely is the exchange of your bartered penny. It lies in your hand, the very essence of attachment—a stick of gum.

It could have been a penny for the Missions. God bless you, Club Members all!

*Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.*

Dear Father: Please send me a Christmas bank and enroll me in your Christmas Club for Christ.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City, State, .....  
.....



An aristocratic Prussian, while detesting Nazism, believes that the military code, which is sovereign for him, demands that he do precisely as he is ordered. He sees the crime in which he shares, only shortly before his death. Another man turns thief, a third wounds himself to avoid active duty, a fourth deserts and so on. Only Dietz, the perfect, incorrigible Nazi, waxes more fanatical as the war tide turns. Holler, recognizing the indecency in which he is compelled to connive or participate, lacks the courage to refuse his co-operation. He shuts his eyes and his mouth, tries to shutter his mind and stifle his conscience. Finally, when he has seen the Nazi horrors in Poland and the U.S.S.R., he is taken prisoner by the Russians and admits not only that Germany has been guilty of gargantuan outrages, but also that he and his kind, in failing to stop or at least to protest these obscenities, are in some measure answerable.

*The Firing Squad* is a grisly book, always raw, in places rancid. Very bluntly it tells one what a problem faces the world as it tries to deal with Germany. Nowhere is it more effective than in its depiction of the illness in the German soul.

(Knopf. \$2.50)

Transit by Anna Seghers

► Miss Seghers' novel is not easy to read, nor can it be applauded either for entertainment or edification. Its subject is the refugees fleeing across Europe before the Nazi whirlwind, reaching an extremity of the Continent, in this instance Marseille, and there struggling frantically, and in most cases futilely, to get the papers, stamps, money, and steamship tickets necessary for departure.

The main character is a German named Seidler. After escaping from a Nazi concentration camp, he gets into France, joins a labor battalion at the outbreak of the war, flees to Paris before the advancing German army, there acquires the papers of one Weidler, a German suicide, and ultimately arrives in Marseille. Posing as Weidler, he meets Weidler's widow and falls in love with her, only to be thwarted in his passion by the widow's belief, based on his use of Weidler's papers, that her husband is alive.

This thread of plot is tenuous and tediously twisted. What matters, what absorbs the thoughtful reader, what makes the book disturbing as one goes through it and haunting one when one has turned the last page, is its dramatization of the senseless uprooting and scattering of countless human beings, the destruction of homes, the dispersal of families, the frenzy induced by fear, the callousness and baseness which the plight of the unfortunate brings out in others.

Please order your books through THE SIGN

*Transit* is in many senses an appalling book. The immature and the sensitive should avoid it.

(Little, Brown. \$2.50)

Lost Island by James Norman Hall

► George Dodd is a Detroit engineer sent to a tiny, remote Pacific island ahead of Army and Navy contingents which are going to take it over as a base. The island is a miniature paradise, beautiful, peaceful, its handful of natives unspoiled, its small Catholic church a gem. Dodd hesitates to tell the inhabitants what is in store. He especially dreads what his news will mean to Father Vincent who has labored for many decades to make a productive garden on the coral isle, and to the Lehmanns, Jewish refugees who have found security and tranquillity in this isolated place. But tell them he must. The American forces land, and, in a few days, the island is completely, irreparably changed. When Dodd thinks of this happening all over the Pacific, he is close to despair.

There is material here for an unusual short story. Mr. Hall has padded it excessively. In doing so he has blundered. But the tragedy inherent in the subject is well handled by him. His Father Vincent, obviously admired by the author, is an excellent type of priest, yet some of his views and actions are questionable.

(Little, Brown. \$2.00)

A Walk in the Sun by Harry Brown

► A platoon of American soldiers in a landing barge off the Italian coast loses the lieutenant in command when an enemy shell rips away most of his face. A competent sergeant takes over. The platoon wades ashore. On the beach they nervously wait until the sergeant can determine their orders. He is killed by machine-gun bullets. A second sergeant, who is approaching the breaking point, succeeds to the command. He is uneasy, indecisive, afraid of responsibility. The platoon starts inland, heading for a farmhouse six miles away. A German plane strafes them, and some are left behind, dead or wounded. Two fleeing Italian soldiers are encountered. A Nazi armored car is ambushed. The sergeant collapses under the strain, and a corporal relieves him. The farmhouse is reached and found to be held by Nazis.

This is the fabric of incident on which the author works short, sharp character studies of various types of soldiers. It is these vital beings that reveal his skill, although the atmosphere of simultaneous tension and aimlessness which he sustains, is no paltry feat. The cynicism, the grumbling, the good humor, the small talk, the resourcefulness of the dough-foot are realistically set down. This forceful work is replete with profanity.

(Knopf. \$2.00)

SIGN

opalling  
sensitive

all  
engineer  
d ahead  
s which  
se. The  
beautiful,  
yes un-  
a gem.  
abitants  
dreads  
ner Vin-  
decades  
he coral  
sh refu-  
d tran-  
But tell  
forces  
land is  
When  
all over

unusual  
d it ex-  
ndered.  
subject  
er Vin-  
thor, is  
ome of  
able.

own  
rs in a  
st loses  
nen' an  
is face.  
r. The  
ch they  
nt can  
lled by  
rgeant,  
point,  
uneasy,  
y. The  
a farm-  
plane  
behind,  
Italian  
i arm-  
nt col-  
poral  
eachd

which  
aracter  
s. It is  
s skill,  
aneous  
ne sus-  
m, the  
small  
dough-  
s force-  
cy.

RESS, INC.

An appropriate  
**GIFT**  
for  
ANY OCCASION  
during the  
year

# The NEW Sunday Missal

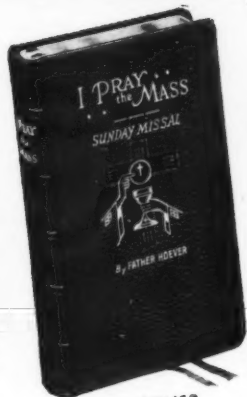
## "I PRAY THE MASS"

By FATHER HOEVER, S.O.Cist., Ph.D.  
Professor of Notre Dame University

We recommend this  
**NEW**  
SUNDAY MISSAL  
for  
devout assistance  
at Mass



No. 440/02-B  
No. 440/02-B — Black imi-  
tation leather, round cor-  
ners, design on front  
cover stamped in gold, red  
under gold edges, silk  
bookmarks ..... 1.10



No. 440/13  
No. 440/13 — Genuine  
black leather, Seal grain,  
round corners, title and  
design on front cover  
stamped in gold, red un-  
der gold edges, silk book-  
marks ..... 1.50



No. 440/75 (Moire Lined)  
No. 440/76 (Leather Lined)

No. 440/75—DeLuxe edi-  
tion, genuine black Mo-  
rocco leather, red under  
gold edges, hand tooled  
rolled-gold border on in-  
side of front and back  
cover, title on backbone  
stamped in gold, LINED  
WITH SILK MOIRE, silk  
bookmarks ..... 3.50

No. 440/76—DeLuxe edi-  
tion, genuine Black Mo-  
rocco leather, red under  
gold edges, hand tooled  
rolled-gold border on in-  
side of front and back  
cover, title on backbone  
stamped in gold, LINED  
WITH GENUINE LEATHER,  
silk bookmarks ..... 3.50

No. 440/UKLB — Durable  
Khaki Folder containing  
Khaki bound Missal and  
Rosary, constructed to  
withstand unusual wear,  
reinforced with substan-  
tial lining ..... 2.00

No. 440/UNLB (for Navy)  
Same as No. 440/UKLB  
..... 2.00

PRAYER 33  
on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou  
only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus  
Christ, art most high, together with  
the Holy Spirit ✠ in the glory of God  
the Father. Amen.

The Priest kisses the Altar, and, turning  
to the people, says:

P. The Lord be with you.  
S. And with thy spirit.



At the right side of the Altar he  
says:

P. Let us pray.

### PRAYER

● Turn to — PRAYER — Today's Mass. ●

After having read the Prayer, follow the  
ARROW (↗) and continue to read  
Epistle, Gradual, Alleluia or Tract.

The Priest returns to the center of the Altar  
and, bowing down, says:

Prayer: **CLEANSE MY HEART**  
CLEANSE my heart and my lips,  
O Almighty God, who didst  
cleanse the lips of the Prophet Isaias  
with a burning coal; and vouchsafe,  
through Thy gracious mercy, so to

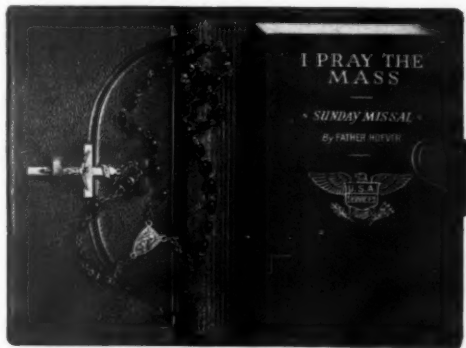
Illustrating actual page of "I Pray the Mass."

### URGENT! Postal Regulation

Order No. 19687 requires that no parcels shall be  
accepted for dispatch to any A.P.O. address (for  
Army personnel outside continental U.S.A.) unless  
they contain articles sent at specific written request  
of addressee, approved by his battalion or similar  
unit commander.

We advise that your friends and relatives in  
Army service be supplied NOW with Missals and  
rosaries while they are still in the United States.

For overseas shipment written request must  
come from addressee as stated above. This regu-  
lation does not apply to the Navy and Marine  
Corps.



No. 440/UKLB—(Improved and Reinforced) for Army  
No. 440/UNLB—(Improved and Reinforced) for Navy

### IDEAL GIFTS FOR MEN IN THE SERVICE



ORDER BY NUMBER

7-44

THE SIGN—Book Dept.—MONASTERY PL., UNION CITY, N. J.

Please send me..... Copy  
Copies Style No.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

PAYMENT ENCLOSED ☐ CHARGE ☐

ALL PRICES ARE POSTPAID



**BLESSED  
ARE  
THEY**

FR. GODFREY HOLBEIN, C.P.



FR. WALTER COVEYOU, C.P.



FR. CLEMENT SEYBOLD, C.P.



**WHO  
SUFFER  
PERSECUTION  
FOR  
JUSTICE' SAKE**



Design by Weda Yap

"... for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

These were men of the Cross. It drew them like a magnet; it shaped their vocations.

As Passionist Missionaries, they told the Chinese the story of Jesus Christ Crucified, and made available to them the merit of Christ's redemptive love.

In a moment of appalling violence, bandit bullets ended their lives. (April 24, 1929)

By their lives and deaths these priests have given a supreme example of devotion to the Church.

**THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES**

**THE SIGN**

**Union City, N. J.**

ON  
KE

mag-

tory  
the

ded

su-

N. J.